

The Nation

VOL. XII., No. 12.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 3d. Abroad, 1d.

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Events of the Week.

SIR EDWARD GREY welcomed the delegates of the Balkan League and Turkey at their first formal meeting, on Monday, in a felicitous speech. They would find in this country "an atmosphere of calm and impartiality"; without such wisdom as statesmen could exercise in such negotiations, victory was useless for future generations, and with it even the losses of defeat could be repaired. On Tuesday, with M. Daneff in the chair, the first obstacle was confronted. The Turks refused to meet the Greeks, on the ground that they had not accepted the general armistice. A rather patent attempt to divide the Slav States from Greece failed conspicuously. The League affirmed its solidarity, and the Turks declared that they must seek fresh instructions from Constantinople. It is believed that the Porte has consented to waive its demand that the Greeks shall sign the armistice, but makes the further condition, rejected when the armistice was concluded, that the besieged places, and in particular Adrianople, shall be revictualled. A second and very brief meeting was held on Thursday afternoon.

THE week has also been notable for several meetings of the "consultative" conference of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers in London. The proceedings were

private, but good progress is believed to have been made. Servia has contributed her share to the making of peace by an official announcement that she no longer asks for the partition of Albania, that she will be satisfied with an unfortified commercial port on the Adriatic, with free access by a neutralised railway, and that she will accord to Austria economic facilities, and most-favored-nation treatment. On the Austrian side, Herr Edl's report on the Prochaska incident has been published, after a most regrettable delay. It states that the rumors (spread, as it happens, by semi-official agency) of the imprisonment and ill-treatment of Consul Prochaska at Prizrend, were totally baseless. It "saves face" by a vague addendum to the effect that some unspecified infractions of international law in regard to the Consulate did occur. The Viennese Press expresses considerable indignation at the spreading of these rumors, and the "Arbeiter Zeitung" remarks that the whole incident is worse than a lost battle for Austria.

WHILE the moral case for any extreme attitude on Austria's part has thus disappeared, and Count Berchtold is making brief utterances in a commendably pacific tone, the anxiety caused by Austrian military preparations is still acute. Commerce in Vienna is paralysed, and even the Christmas trade is said to be the worst known for a generation. According to the "Vossische Zeitung," the Austrian mobilisation was timed to be completed this Friday. It has apparently followed lines of racial selection, and the Slav reservists have not been called up. This was evidently a wise precaution, since the Czechs in particular have been demonstrating violently against war. But equally it shows how absolutely Germany commands the situation. The non-Slav forces of Austria-Hungary could not face Russia alone. The Russian official view has meanwhile been set forth in a statement by M. Kokovtseff to the Duma. It was certainly not provocative in form or substance, and it avoided the detailed issues of controversy. But it laid stress very firmly on the duty of "defence," and contrived rather adroitly, without any indecent partisanship, to congratulate the Slavs of the Balkans on their victories.

THE situation in Turkey inspires all the European observers on the spot with anxiety. There is a growth of confidence in the power of the army to retrieve its disasters, and their full extent is only imperfectly understood in the capital. There are dissensions in the Cabinet, and even among his own colleagues the influence of Kiamil Pasha is waning. The dominant personality is Nazim Pasha, who is supposed to cherish the ambition of retrieving his military reputation by a renewal of the war. He is making his peace with the Young Turks. Their more prominent leaders have fled to Brussels, but others who have been court-martialled and sentenced have been released, and their influence will not make for peace. The Greek and Turkish fleets were engaged outside the Dardanelles on Monday, and perhaps again on Tuesday. Each side claims success in an artillery duel at seven miles range, and the Turks believe that they damaged

the cruiser "Averoff." The accounts of the fighting in Epirus are equally contradictory. The Greek version is, however, much the clearer, and claims that the chief fort at Bezhani, outside Jannina, has been silenced. Some of the Turkish troops, defeated at Monastir, have reached Jannina, and others are in the Grammos Mountains, near at hand.

THE process of balancing and re-balancing the Tory Party between the Protectionists and the Free Fooders has ended in a terrible blunder, which, according to the "Liverpool Courier," brings it to the verge of "destruction." Speaking at Ashton-under-Lyne on Monday, Mr. Bonar Law made two statements, equally unpopular. He declined to submit the food duties to a Referendum, on the ground that, when the Colonies were called in to consider them, they would come bound, while we should come free, and that was not a reasonable mode of negotiation. On the other hand, while denying a Referendum to the British people, he proposed to let the Colonies decide whether our foodstuffs should be taxed, and how.

MR. LAW's language on this point was of the most halting character, and was at once so weak in its phrasing and so momentous in its consequences, that we quote it:—

"If," said Mr. Bonar Law, "our countrymen entrust us with power, we do not intend to impose food duties. What we intend to do is to call a conference of the colonies to consider the whole question of preferential trade, and the question whether or not food duties will be imposed won't arise until those negotiations are completed. We are told that the colonies have made no offer, that they don't wish such an arrangement. If that is true, we say 'Find out.' If it is not true, no food duties will be imposed under any circumstances. We do not wish to impose them. They are not proposed to us for the sake of Protection, and there is no protection in that. They are proposed solely for the sake of preference, and if when the conference takes place the colonies do not want them—but put it far stronger than that, unless the colonies regard them as essential for preference—then also the food duties will not be imposed. All that we ask is that our countrymen should give us authority to enter into that negotiation, with power to impose certain low duties on foodstuffs and within strict limits which will never be increased."

Such a tone gives finish to the gibe of a "Tory" in the "Times," that Conservatism has become a "Perhaps Party."

It at once became evident that this proposal had made things worse than before. The great Conservative Northern dailies, with support from the "Times" and the "Daily Graphic," revolted. The "Liverpool Courier" implored Mr. Law to reconsider his position, and renew the pledge of the Referendum. The same line was taken by the "Yorkshire Post" and the "Irish Times." The "Times" declared that neither British nor Dominion statesmen could "dream" of constructing a tariff on such lines, and that the onus of food taxation could not be shifted on to the Colonies.

THE correspondence from Ottawa shows this view to be correct, and that Conservatives and Liberals are united in declaring that a question of home taxation is for the decision of the British peoples alone. In Australia, a slightly more cautious note is observable, but both sides are obviously bewildered, and scent the domestic differences out of which the new policy arose. On this side a hasty effort was made to patch up the breach, Lord Curzon pointedly lecturing Mr. Law on the impolicy of sketching in advance the nature of future

taxes, and the "Times" praying for silence on details and a healing spirit.

BUT the "Times," following its illustrious consort, the "Daily Mail," is itself a prime promoter of strife, for in an obviously edited article in its issue of Thursday, it declared that "food taxes should not be pressed." This cool right-about face impelled Mr. Garvin in the "Pall Mall" to wield a whirling shillelagh round Lord Northcliffe's head, and to denounce the innumerable shifts of the "Mail-Times," and its destruction of Mr. Law's "moral authority." But the great Tory danger comes from the more clear-headed and strong-principled North, where the leading Tory organs foresee disaster if these food taxes remain, and mean to clear them away.

THE Welsh Disestablishment Bill has had rather a troubled week in Committee. The Government had all along decided to make some concessions on the question of disendowment. Their original decision was, we believe, that which they have now embodied in the Bill. That is to say, the tithe and the glebe will go to the Welsh nation, but the Commissioners will pay over to the representative body the monies provided from Queen Anne's Bounty, and from the Welsh share of the massed Parliamentary grants dating from the early years of the nineteenth century. In other words, the Church is to get an extra fifteen thousand a year. The public case for this concession is not a strong one, for the former revenues date from pre-Reformation days, and the latter largely proceed from taxes on the Welsh people. But as Mr. Lloyd George said, it would not be wise to let £10,000, or, for that matter £40,000, stand in the way of a peaceful settlement. That, indeed, has not been secured, for the Opposition have taken the concession, and remain unreconciled and unappeased. But a large act of grace is not, in our opinion, thrown away, even though its harvest be slow.

A LARGE body of Liberal Churchmen, however, would have gone further than this and have made over to the Church all her endowments, including glebes, with the exception of the tithes. In other words, Mr. France's amendment would have given to the Church a further £47,000 a year. Mr. Gladstone, who seconded this proposal, and made the speech of the week, commended it as a message of peace and a basis of settlement. Mr. Lyttelton, on behalf of the Opposition, declined this tender, and so, in effect, did Colonel Pryce-Jones, the most placable member of the Welsh Opposition. But the Liberal Churchmen remained firm to their view that disendowment ought to stop at the tithe, and Mr. France's amendment was only lost by a majority of 50—215 to 265. The whole Property Clause was carried by a majority of 67. Eleven Liberal members voted against the Government and a few deliberately abstained, while others were absent unpaired. This division and the pressure of the Liberal Churchmen greatly angered the Welsh Liberal members, who went very near to revolt and recorded their feelings in a passionate speech, made by Mr. Llewellyn Williams, denouncing the seceders as "a party of young men and old women."

ANOTHER debated point was that of the administration of the Cathedrals by the Disestablished Church. Mr. Silvester Horne made a plea, which we have always regarded as a strong one, that these buildings, which are the great historical glories of our land, should, like the South German Cathedrals, be preserved for the common use of all the Churches and as national possessions. The

House, however, would not look at this really liberal proposal, and it was easily defeated. On Thursday, an amendment by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, giving the Church all the glebes, was defeated by the reduced majority of 55, and the whole clause (8) was only carried by a majority of 63.

* * *

WE hope that after the Prime Minister's answer to Mr. Leif Jones on Monday, no further attempts will be made to suggest that the incorporation of woman suffrage in the Franchise Bill will involve his resignation or the break-up of the Ministry. Mr. Jones asked whether the Prime Minister adhered to his statement that the Government would accept the decision of the House and carry it out, so that members' votes might be free. Mr. Asquith replied as follows:—

"I am not aware that any such belief exists among members of the House of Commons, or of any ground upon which it is supposed to rest. My public declarations on the subject are on record, and are perfectly plain and explicit."

The declaration in question is, of course, that in which he promised that the Government would not only acquiesce in the amendment to the Bill, but would subsequently treat it as a measure to be carried. Obviously, the Bill could not survive if the Prime Minister resigned or the Cabinet broke up. For our part, we have never thought that Mr. Asquith would dream of resigning, and we shall believe in the resignation even of anti-suffragists like Mr. Harcourt—when we see it. But for the moment the object is to secure an unfettered Parliamentary vote, and it seems nothing short of scandalous to endeavor to try and stop it by suggesting that the Prime Minister will go back on his word.

* * *

THE news of the death of Mr. Whitelaw Reid on Sunday was received with a personal regret which is rare in our public life. An American Ambassador, as Mr. Asquith put it in a speech of singular grace and sincerity, is always at once a kinsman and a guest, but it was the qualities of the man and his social gifts which caused the King to refer to him as "an old friend, of many years' standing," while Sir Edward Grey telegraphed that he had "endeared himself personally to everyone who knew him." Mr. Balfour pointedly congratulated the Government on its decision to do honor to the dead Ambassador by sending home his body on a battle-ship. Mr. Reid was born in 1837, began life as a journalist, served as a correspondent and as a staff officer in the armies of the North, and achieved a great position as owner and editor, in succession to Horace Greeley, of the "New York Tribune." An unsuccessful candidature as the Republican aspirant to the Vice-Presidency was his one directly political venture. He was Minister to France from 1889 to 1892, helped to negotiate the peace with Spain, as one of five commissioners, and came to the London Embassy in 1905. Mr. Taft has gracefully decided to leave the choice of his successor to Mr. Wilson.

* * *

THE strike on the North-Eastern Railway is ended. This was inevitable after Mr. Chester Jones's report that Knox was neither drunk and disorderly, nor drunk and incapable, nor drunk at all in any legal sense, and that he had simply had two small glasses of rum and water. Being a temperate man he did not act quite "normally" under this moderate stimulant. In a word, the policemen's evidence was found to be untrue and exaggerated. It was, therefore, agreed that Knox should be reinstated, and he received a free pardon from the Home Secretary. The strikers were to return to work

subject to the curious condition of a fine of six days' pay. We are surprised that the men accepted these terms, which seem to us ungracious and unwise. They had indeed struck without notice, but the impulse of fellowship under which they acted was a true one, and a great act of justice was roughly done under it. Men who accept such conditions cannot be called intractable. But can the leaders who urge them to take them be regarded as strong?

* * *

THE divisional voting of the medical profession on the question of accepting service under the Insurance Act has yielded decided majorities against working; 11,309 members and non-members of the B.M.A. out of the 27,400 who signed the original pledge voting against service and 2,422 in favor of it. Less than fifty per cent. of the profession recorded their votes, and it is fair to suppose that nearly all these men are favorable. We are informed that the London panels are steadily filling up, and the new Association is gaining adherents every day. This movement is met by wholesale threats of a boycott. Doctors on the panels are to be refused consultations, or the admission of insured patients into hospitals, or even into the out-patient departments. Some doctors are even proposing to offer to work for Approved Societies outside the Act, and in opposition to the declared policy of the B.M.A. Doctors who have come into the open to defend acceptance have received abusive postcards and letters of an unprintable character. We imagine, however, that these devices, which merely degrade the profession in the eyes of the public, will fail. In some towns a State Medical Service will be set up, while in others the panels will be filled.

* * *

GENERAL BOTHA has resigned his Premiership of the South African Ministry, and is apparently seeking a combination from which the more thorough-going Dutch or South African element, represented by the able General Hertzog of the Orange Colony, will be excluded. This situation was brought about by the resignation of Colonel Leuchars, the Natalian representative and an extreme Imperialist, who resented General Hertzog's Afrikanerism. Botha is, of course, the only possible head of a moderate Government. But with his fine and distinct personality and personal charm, he is not a great politician; his health is not good, and the farmer's life lies a good deal nearer his heart than the prickly seat of a Coalitionist Premier. A uni-lateral Government, formed only from the South African party, and with Mr. Sauer or Mr. Merriman as Premier, is likely as a final solution.

* * *

A SKULL has been found in gravel on Pilt Down Common in Sussex. After being pieced together by geologists it has been declared by Dr. Woodward to present "a hitherto unknown species of *homo*, for which a new name is proposed." This New Man, or rather New Woman—for the skull appears to be that of a female—is said to be of the Lower Pleistocene period, and to be provided with very thick bones, a steep forehead with a feeble brow ridge, a low and broad skull, and a jaw akin to that of a chimpanzee. On the other hand, the formation of the ear and the joints of the lower jaw, as well as the skull, suggest the man rather than the anthropoid. But the neck was squat and ape-like and the chin retreating. The size of the brain cavity appeared to be nearly equal to that of the aboriginal Australian.

Politics and Affairs.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF TARIFF REFORM.

WE have now had nine years of "Tariff Reform" as a Conservative policy. Within that period no single year, barely a single month, has passed without bringing with it some re-statement and re-setting of that policy, promptly followed by its re-affirmation, the denial of the affirmation, and a qualification of the denial. There was to be a Conference on it, or more than one. There was to be a special election. There were to be two such elections. There were to be free Colonial food imports; there was to be a scaling down of duties from Colonial goods to foreign goods. Certain food-stuffs were to be excepted; they were to be included. There was to be a Referendum. There is to be no Referendum, but there is to be a Conference with the Colonies. What is the plain fact behind this "Kinemacolor" of policies? That the Tory Party has never believed in Tariff Reform, and never been united on it, and that its leaders were never more at issue upon it than they are to-day. A friendly correspondent in the "Times" assesses these differences in the proportion of 60 or 70 per cent. averse from food taxes, and 30 to 40 per cent. in favor of them. In other words, rather more than a third of the Tory Party is responsible for fixing on the entire body a scheme of Imperial and economic policy to which nearly two-thirds are opposed, and is even strong enough to break down the obstacle to its adoption as the immediate fruits of a victory at the polls, admittedly gained on a different question or range of questions. We reach the last point of unreality and deception when one leader, having at the bidding of the Protectionist minority thrown over the Referendum, is followed by another leader, declaring, at the instance of the Free Food majority, that while the Referendum is to be abandoned, the party "do not wish to impose" these duties, and "do not intend to impose them," unless the Colonies ask them, at a formal Conference, to do so. It is hardly too much to say that this destroys Tariff Reform. It is impossible for Mr. Law, after the Ashton-under-Lyne speech, to advocate food taxes as "good" for this country when he declares his personal unwillingness to enact them, and offers them merely as a sop to the Colonies. And it is equally impossible to put upon the Colonies any such responsibility as that of deciding, without reference to Great Britain, what form the taxation of the people of these islands shall take. It is bad enough to suggest that the richer Colonial corn-grower has a prior right of consideration in framing a scheme of home taxes to the poorer British or Irish consumer. But it is odious to call on Canada actually to fix *our* taxation in *her* interests. Canada will, of course, reply: "You are mistress in your own house. Arrange your own fiscal system through your Parliament, with reference to your needs, and in harmony with your political and economic principles. In Heaven's name do not associate us with a plan under which, in one breath, you deny your people the right of revising their Free Trade policy, and in the next make us the arbiter of a fiscal revolution." If a Little Englander

had devised such a policy, it would have been charged against him as a Mephistophelian plot for the disruption of the Empire. It is unwise to put Canada in a position in which she is made to ask for a permanent and official share in the direction of our foreign policy in exchange for an "emergency" gift, or loan, of battle-ships. But if the Colonies are not merely to rule us but to tax us, the government of our Imperial household is gone from the banks of the Thames, and Ottawa and Melbourne become the real capitals of Empire.

We assume, therefore, as a matter of course, that Canada will decline to draw Mr. Bonar Law's chestnuts out of the fire, and to smash the Empire in order to help the British Tory Party to a fiscal formula devised to enable Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Law to sit together in seeming amity on the Front Opposition Bench. But what is that party to do? Let us recall the situation. Tory Lancashire asked for a Referendum on food taxes. It was conceded, and then withdrawn. Protectionist Canada is now constituted the referee in place of the British people. Why? Because, says the "Liverpool Courier" ruefully, the British people would never impose these taxes of their own will. What right, then, has Mr. Law to endeavor to levy an admittedly unpopular impost, and to pray Colonial aid in opposition to a British opinion of whose verdict he admittedly despairs? We anticipate, therefore, the total ruin of this policy, accompanied either by the revolt of the Chamberlainites or their acceptance of defeat and complete obliteration. This is Mr. Chamberlain's alternative. He asked, and had a right to ask, for the definite replacement of Tariff Reform as the "first constructive" plank in the Tory electoral platform. With him went the body of social reformers who insisted that mere "Spectatorial" negation and Whiggism were fatal to the party health, and that a definite alternative to Liberalism and Lloyd-Georgian reforms was necessary if the democracy were to be induced to look at Protection. Mr. Law, under renewed pressure from the Cecilians and the Moderates, has now made Protection odious to Lancashire, perilous to the Colonies, fatuous to the man in the street. It is to depend on Canada's assent, and Canada will not assent. But if the Referendum is re-established, it will be rejected here. It is therefore slain, and not only it, but the whole pseudo-democratic conception of Tory policy—the compensations and protective and paternal devices for the workers—which rested on it. The party must revert to the negative Balfourian attitude; the Chamberlain interlude of "reforms" is over; and in face of the Ashton speech it is vain for Mr. Austen to set out a virtually abandoned schedule of food taxes. We shall be very happy to register that conclusion in the hour when it is formally reached, for though the party balance will then be equalised, and the usual featureless interval of Conservative Nihilism between two Radical Governments secured, the country will have been saved from a particularly cruel form of reaction. But we repeat that this conclusion rests on the formal stamping out of the Protectionist heresy. Its brief hour of triumph signalled in the Lansdowne speech is over; a Protectionist, who is a little awkward with his hands, has

struck it, *malgré lui*, a blow more vital than all Mr. Balfour's illusive arts of depreciation and delay. The spectacular interest of the moment is to discover whether it will go down fighting or strike its colors to its unwitting conqueror, and to a nation that is sick to death of the very name of Tariff Reform.

THE WILL FOR PEACE.

It was for the eyes of the London crowd a collection of eminent and interesting diplomatists which met this week in St. James's Palace to listen to an admirably phrased address of welcome from Sir Edward Grey, and then to tantalise our hopes of peace by a sudden adjournment. But the more one surveys the troubled drama in the Balkans, the more does one realise that it is in fact the five armies which are met in conference. The will for peace is as yet too little affirmed, the results of the war admit of too large a fringe of doubt, to permit such a meeting as this to follow a wholly uneventful course of diplomatic negotiation. The first hitch would have been comparatively unimportant if the ostensible reason which induced the Turks to demand delay had been the real reason for the postponement of the negotiations. The Greeks adopted a mistaken and somewhat egoistic policy when they refused to accept the general armistice and continued to prosecute the war. If they were in fact strong enough to face the whole forces of the Ottoman Empire, no one would have a right to criticise their decision. But they are able to continue their rather dilatory campaign in Epirus solely because their Allies occupy the main theatre of the war, and prevent the Turks from hurling their forces at this Western corner. It is the Allies who protect the Greek advance in Jannina, yet the Allies desire a general truce. Irritating though the Greek attitude must be to the Turks, the fact remains that they have no vital interest in this campaign in Epirus. Whatever its issue may be, Jannina and also Scutari are lost to the Turkish Empire. The failure of Greece and Montenegro to take these fortresses might mean indeed that the ambitions of both Kingdoms would have to be curtailed. The frontier of Albania is not yet drawn, and the drawing of it will be an anxious task for European diplomacy. It is a question whether Jannina and Scutari will be given eventually to the armies who threaten them, or added to a self-governing Albania. But in no case can they return to the direct rule of the Turks. It is other issues and nearer concerns which caused the Turkish delegates to play for delay.

It remains to be seen whether the Turks can evolve a Gambetta, but probably their peculiar racial temperament can dispense with magnetic leadership. Certain it is that the spirit which rallies to a Gambetta is growing among them. Rumor points now to Nazim Pasha, and again to the Young Turk Mahmud Shefket as the destined soldier who can repair the first defeats. We are told that the ravages of cholera have ceased, that new guns have been imported by way of Roumania, that the lines of Tchataldja are now more than ever impregnable, and that the recently arrived Asiatic regiments do in reality possess all the virtues which were erroneously ascribed to the European corps in the weeks before their

route. We confess that all this confidence fails to impress us. It was the European and not the Asiatic corps which the Young Turks were supposed to have permeated with all their ambitions and enterprising spirit. It was these corps which had been put on a war footing, not once, but thrice, since the revolution, now to meet the Albanians and again to overawe the Bulgarians. Inadequate as their training was, it was certainly better than that which the Asiatic corps have received. One may admit that this vast force, which can be provisioned with comparative ease from the capital, as the armies in the open field could not be, is probably capable of holding the Tchataldja lines. But where in such an exploit does there lie the promise of advantage to the Turks? No European onlooker who has witnessed the total inability of the Turks to cope with the problems of commissariat, no one who has measured the want of cohesion in their great armies, the incapacity of their general staff, the inadequacy of their regimental officers, the want of science of their artillery, and the lack of training of their men, imagines for an instant that this Asiatic army is capable of a successful advance into Thrace. It may hold Tchataldja and defend Constantinople, but it cannot relieve Adrianople or recover a single region of all the broad provinces that have fallen to the Allies from Monastir to the Maritza. So much may be clear to a cool observer at a distance, but it does not follow that it is equally clear to the Turks themselves.

The real crux of the negotiations is still the future of Adrianople. If the Turks were prepared to surrender it, peace might be signed within a week. The peculiarity of its position is that it has for the Turks a considerable sentimental value, and for the Bulgarians very little. It was the first seat of the Ottoman Empire in Europe. It vied even in the seventeenth century with Constantinople as an Imperial residence, and it contains the beautiful mosque of Sultan Selim. On the other hand, it has no historical associations for the Bulgarians. Its population was never mainly Bulgarian, and in the last decade political persecution has reduced the Bulgarian minority to very modest proportions. The anxiety of the Turks to secure the right to revictual it—a renewed demand designed no doubt to make discord among the Allies, since the Bulgarians might fairly blame the Greeks for its revival—suggests that it cannot be in a position to endure a long investment. But we are not sure that even its fall would finally solve the questions which centre round it. It is on this single issue that the sympathies of the Triple Alliance appear to go most readily to Turkey, and a renewal of the war for the sole purpose of settling its ownership might create unexpected diplomatic difficulties for the League. From the European standpoint it matters comparatively little how much of Thrace west of the Maritza is assigned to Bulgaria. It is not clearly a Bulgarian country, save in the northern area round Kirk Kilissé. Taking it as a whole, it is probably as much Greek as it is Bulgarian, and some tracts of it which ought to have a promising agricultural future are so thinly peopled that they invite colonisation. For the disinterested spectator, the prime consideration is that Thrace should receive a civilised administration. The Bulgars are content to abandon the Southern regions

round Gallipoli and Rodosto, because they, at least, are clearly Greek. But it would be a blot on the general settlement that any civilised population in Europe which is capable of progress should be left derelict unnecessarily to share in the reprisals and reaction which are certain to follow the war in the Ottoman Empire. It might ease the whole course of the negotiations if Thrace, from Adrianople to Gallipoli (excluding a northern strip), were made an autonomous dependency of Turkey, and the direct rule of the Porte in Europe limited to the area within the Tchataldja lines. To retain the sovereignty of this considerable and potentially wealthy area would be a salve to Turkish pride. It would relieve the Bulgarians from the burden of absorbing an alien population, and, above all, it would make for this population as a whole a tolerable future. The mixed ethnographical conditions of Thrace, and the absence of a Bulgarian majority would be a guarantee that this autonomous province would be contented with its status, and would feel no temptation to imitate the precedent of Eastern Roumelia, by uniting itself violently to Bulgaria. If the Powers were to consider such a solution as this, they might find themselves in a favorable position to mediate, should a renewal of the war be threatened.

It is this risk of a renewal of the war which makes the attitude of Austria an anxious question, no less for Europe than for the Balkan peoples. In some particulars, and notably by permitting Serbia to occupy the not very desirable territory of Novi Bazar, Austria has shown a commendable and unexpected moderation. But in other matters it is hard to resist the impression that her war party has been seeking for a pretext to crush, or at least to humiliate, the Serbs. It is now officially admitted that there was no ground for the anger which the Prochaska incident excited. The tales circulated by semi-official Austrian agencies that her consul had been imprisoned, mutilated, and even assassinated, were one and all deliberate inventions. The same agencies, in direct touch with the Foreign Office and the Political Police, disdained no weapon, not even forgery, in their efforts to pick a quarrel with Serbia during the Bosnian crisis. It is inconceivable that any legitimate strategical interest should forbid Austria to assent to the minimum Servian demand for a commercial port and a fragment of neutralised territory on the Adriatic. Serbia must have a harbor through which she can freely export her pigs and import her munitions. If she is forbidden to fortify it, she will only be the gainer. What is essential is that she should have a door to the outer world which no neighbor can lock. If Austria, in the end, refuses her assent to a claim so reasonable as this, her action would be subject only to one interpretation. It would mean that, either because she dreads the moral effect of Servian success on her own Slavs, or because she desires to challenge the position of Russia as the leading Slav Power, or perhaps for both reasons combined, she is determined to break Serbia, and with Serbia the Balkan League. There is an ominous parallel between the procedure in the Bosnian crisis and the procedure to-day. In both cases the Press Bureau is used to provoke Serbia, and to indict her before European opinion, while the German

ally, "in shining armor," is expected to restrain Russian indignation. The position to-day is so far worse, because the motive of the war party is more intelligible. From the standpoint of the Eastern balance of power, the Balkan League, with all its potentialities as a magnet for Southern Slav sympathies, has become what little Serbia was not in isolation, a notable rival, whose vigor will be at a low ebb after an exhausting war, while its forces ten years hence may be doubled. If it were such a wrecker's game as this that the Austrian military clique contemplated, we should be sorry to see any disinterested Power declaring, with insufficient reflection, that she would be a passive spectator of such a wrong. The problem has to be faced with due regard for the existing system of groups. It is too late to criticise that system; our problem is to extract from it some good for European peace. Germany and Great Britain are working in close agreement. There is presumably, or soon will be, some minimum on which they will agree for the settlement of Servian claims. The rigid alliance would become an intolerable curse if Germany were to feel herself obliged to back Austria with arms, in spite of a possible Austrian rejection of this minimum. In such an event, we should say that the obvious course for our diplomacy would be to offer our neutrality in return for German neutrality. It is unlikely that the worst hotheads of the Austrian military party would court war with Russia and the Balkan League for a claim which Germany had refused to support. An employment of the full weight of British diplomacy on behalf of peace and the future of Eastern Europe in this way, would be easier to justify than its use in the Moroccan crisis to facilitate a financier's conquest.

THE POWER OF WILD JUSTICE.

THE Newcastle strike has had an unexpected termination. In the first place, the Home Office inquiry resulted in the acquittal of Driver Knox. He ought never to have been convicted, and if he had had adequate means of defence, or had been of a class which magistrates treat with more circumspection, he never would have been convicted. A magistrate's blunder is at the bottom of the whole business, and, in striking on behalf of their companion, the North-Eastern men were, however illogically, vindicating justice. Knox had had a small amount of rum, but was certainly not drunk. His story was clear, consistent, and justly, we think, accepted by Mr. Chester Jones as against the confused and contradictory evidence of the police. Magistrates have no right to accept police evidence of this kind. There was a doubt in the case, but they seem to have forgotten the rule that, where there is a doubt, there must be an acquittal. That rule, we fear, is too often neglected when the man in the dock is somebody of no social account, and the North-Eastern men determined, for their part, that a member of their trade union should not be treated as a person of no importance. If all citizens had such a body of comrades to champion them, there would be fewer miscarriages of justice; and it is not to be denied that, in vindicating the right of a worker to a fair and full hearing, the Newcastle railway men have struck a blow for their class.

To that extent, we feel bound to revise the unfavorable judgment which we passed on their action last week. Of course, everything that could be said against the strike can still be said. The men broke their contracts. They were hitting their own employers and the public, where they ought to have been hitting a magistrate. They were all wrong, and yet, in a more ultimate sense, they were all right. They acted, that is, from a true instinct, though in an unreasoning manner, a manner which we must still maintain would, if it were persisted in, ruin trade unionism.

But if we ask where is the true fault, how does it come about that justice has to be obtained—and sometimes, it is to be feared, only to be obtained—by irrational methods, the answer is that the fault is not with the railway men nor yet with the company, but with a certain callousness and carelessness in our social system, which, in spite of all our boasts about equality of all men before the law, still regards the police-court as essentially a place for disciplining the humbler classes. We can imagine the use that will be made by some of our individualists of this case, as an argument against the extension of the arbitrary powers of magistrates and of officialdom in general, and we are bound to say that, unless such extensions are combined with increased security for individual rights, we shall have to recognise more force in some of the modern pleas for liberty than the social reformer is anxious to allow.

Meanwhile, the settlement of the strike maintains the irony which has been a feature of the situation from the first. The men have vindicated their cause. They struck for the reinstatement of Knox, and Knox has been reinstated. They have established justice, and are fined six days' pay for doing so. That, we suppose we shall be told, is the way of the world. Men who trouble themselves much about justice for other people always have to pay for it in their own persons; it may be by twelve months' imprisonment in an Eastern dependency, or it may be only by six days' loss of pay on a British railway. Seriously, we think this new departure in strike settlement will have to be very closely scrutinised by the body of Trade Unionism. There is a good deal to be said for an independent body which should assist in the settlement of disputes, and which might take questions of legality along with questions of substance, and impose an individual penalty on strikers or a collective penalty on Trade unions, or, for that matter, on a federation of employers, who should break an agreement. Such a penalty, imposed by an impartial body as one condition of the general settlement after the strike, would have something to say for itself. But the imposition of a fine by the employers, as the condition of readmission to work, appears, to say the least, to be a potent, as it is, we believe, quite a new, weapon in the hands of the stronger party. Nor can we believe that the trade union leaders would for a moment have agreed to such terms if they themselves had organised the strike. Nor, again, is the imposition of this penalty likely to improve relations on the North-Eastern railway. We suppose that it is within the law, but we confess we should like to see the question sifted. These men are compelled under the agreement to do six days' work without pay. We should like to think that any such

arrangement—which we confess appears to us to set a most dangerous precedent—is incompatible with the letter of the Truck Act, as it certainly seems to be with its spirit. It will be said that the men had to be punished for breach of contract, but the law provides a method of punishment by giving the employer a right of action, and it seems questionable policy to allow the employer to compound his right of action for a fine, which he compels the men collectively to accept, very greatly to his own convenience. The employers, in fact, have in this case had all the advantages which arise from bargaining with workmen collectively as an organised trade union, while the substance of the complaint against the men is that they did not act in accordance with the rules of their trade union.

Be this as it may, it should be clear to the authorities on the North-Eastern Railway that something very different from the imposition of a substantial fine upon the strikers in this case is necessary, if good relations are to be restored upon their line. That railway company and some others need to set their house in order, and the house will not be set in order without an honest effort to understand the causes of unrest. Those causes are no doubt in part economic. Trade is booming as it has seldom boomed before, but while prices have risen, money wages are still mounting very slowly. Nor is the actual rate of wages the only source of difficulty. More and more, organised workmen are determined to secure for themselves more personal consideration. Those who are responsible for discipline must learn to deal with their men, not in the spirit of the drill sergeant, but in that of the captain and leader of free citizens.

"THOU SHALT NOT SURELY PAY!"

Our Tariff controversy in its long meandering course has from time to time confronted the critical issue of the incidence of import duties. On each occasion Protectionists have falsely pretended that economic science and economic practice leave it a quite open question whether or not the producer can be made to bear the whole or the chief burden of the tax. Within the last few days Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne, in reaffirming the policy of food taxes, have once more endeavored to reassure the consumer with the words, "Thou shalt not surely pay," and with certain selected utterances of accredited economists.

Now, though there is no authoritative writer upon the theory of international trade in this country who is not an avowed Free Trader and a determined opponent of food-taxes, it is commonly accepted doctrine that special cases may exist, or be conceived to exist, in which part of an import duty may be borne by the foreign producer, or by some other party than the consumer. Where, for instance, the foreign supply imported is virtually a monopoly, and where an attempt to transfer the supply to other markets, in order to evade the duty, would "glut" and spoil these markets, the foreigner might be made to bear a large part of the tax. A tax upon diamonds might, at any rate in theory, be taken out of the producers. But to extend a doctrine applicable in a few rare instances removed from free competition to the

normal conditions of markets for foods, materials, or manufactured goods, is dishonest or incompetent reasoning.

Economic theory and experience alike go to prove that a tax of 2s. upon imported foreign wheat, imposed by Great Britain, will raise the price to our consumers by something like the same amount, a little more or a little less. The supposition that foreign growers might bear the whole or the bulk of the tax can only be made plausible on two absurd assumptions—first, that the whole of this foreign supply is produced on so profitable a basis that a reduction of 2s. per quarter on the profit of growing it will make no difference to the quantity grown; secondly, that there is no other market to which this foreign wheat can turn for a more profitable sale. The falsity of both assumptions is evident. The growers or exporters of a larger proportion of our foreign supply neither would nor could grow it for the lowered price; if we sought to lop their profit to the extent of 2s. per quarter, they either would not produce the less profitable wheat, or they would send it to other countries where prices were already higher than in our market, or where free markets still stood open to them.

Protectionists sometimes pretend that somehow or other a 2s. duty could be squeezed out of the profits of shipping companies or "middlemen," and need not cause any reduction in the grower's profits on the production of wheat. This, of course, is merely slipshod thinking. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the freights of shipping or railroad companies could be squeezed in this simple manner. Any serious attempt to do so would cause changes in the direction of the flow of wheat, injurious to our supply, and raising its prices in our market. It is usually forgotten that we are in no position, as buyers of world-wheat, to dictate prices to those who sell it. Large customers as we are, we buy only some five per cent. of the world-supply. The least reduction in the net price received by the foreigner will be likely to cause a considerable diversion of foreign-grown wheat from our shores to those of other importing countries such as Germany, Italy, and the United States. The fact that these countries already have still higher duties on imported wheat does not affect the matter, for their higher prices, the result of these very duties, would now make it more profitable to sell wheat in their markets than in ours.

Of course, what is usually in the mind of our Protectionists is the notion that somehow there will be no reduction of aggregate supply for us, and no rise of prices, but merely an ousting of foreign supply by Imperial and home-grown wheat. How Canada or Britain can be stimulated to produce more wheat without an actual rise of prices to our consumers, resulting from the tariff, they do not pretend to explain. They imagine, we suppose, that a purely nominal rise of prices will substitute a considerable quantity of Canadian for Argentine wheat. This, however, is an utterly unwarranted supposition. The Argentine wheat which at present comes in is presumably grown cheaper than the Canadian wheat which would be artificially stimulated to take its place. There is no reason whatever to conclude that a smaller bonus than two shillings would suffice to cause Canadians to grow wheat, which it does not pay them at present to

grow, sufficient in quantity to displace the Argentine contribution to our market, or any considerable fraction of it.

It is certain that a wheat duty of two shillings, whether it caused a substitution of Imperial wheat for foreign wheat or not, would involve a rise of prices which would throw the tax virtually in its entirety upon our consumers. The precise incidence of this, or any other tax, is, of course, a matter of guesswork, and must indeed be continually changing. The two factors involved, viz., the relative effects of a given rise or fall of price upon demand on the one side, and upon the taxed and untaxed supplies on the other, are incapable of close computation.

The British dealers called upon to pay two shillings per quarter duty on foreign wheat would no doubt be impelled straightway to try to substitute untaxed Imperial and home-grown for taxed foreign wheat. The reduction of the aggregate supply thus immediately brought about must, however, raise the price of all wheat in our markets, for no miraculous increase of the untaxed supply is available. The question is how far the rise of price must go. If the "elasticity" or sensitiveness of demand were great (a small rise of price causing a large reduction in the purchase of bread), this grave injury to our working classes might cause a new price-level to be reached which would appear to throw a large part of the tax on the foreigner, though it would confer, *pro tanto*, very little benefit upon home or Imperial farmers. But reflection and experience attest the falsity of any such assumption of elasticity in the demand for bread. So far from a rise in bread prices largely restricting the demand, it is likely, as Mr. Russell Rea has urged, that, where other food taxes were also imposed and other food prices rising, more bread, not less, would be demanded by our working classes, compelled to cut off the consumption of meat and other more expensive foods. In this event it is likely that the price of wheat might rise even beyond two shillings, in order to draw into our markets the required increase of supply. There is, at any rate, no reason to suppose that a rise in the price of bread could cause any considerable reduction in our consumption. The extent to which it would rise, therefore, will depend upon the effect the rise produces upon the production of the untaxed and the taxed supplies respectively. And it is a wholly unwarrantable assumption that the substitution of a sufficient quantity of untaxed for taxed supply to meet the demand can be achieved before the rise of price has reached the full amount of the tax. The belief that it can is based upon a chuckle-headed notion that there are enormous tracts of wheat-growing land in the Empire ready to be put into rich immediate cultivation by a very slight addition to the price, while at the same time a very slight reduction of the price in Argentina and other foreign countries will have no corresponding contrary effect. Theory is entirely against the Tariff case. But, as Sir Alfred Mond and Mr. Chiozza Money have pointed out, so is practice. For the normal wheat prices in Germany, Italy, and other Protectionist importing countries, are higher than ours by as much as the amount of the respective import duties, or even slightly more. There are few issues of so much complexity in which experience confirms so closely the argument from principles.

A London Diary.

I FIND Ministers and diplomats still nervous about peace, and looking anxiously to the Austrian mobilisation and the Austro-Hungarian loan, which has gone to New York, and is for twenty millions. Very little of this has been subscribed, but—900,000 Austrians are now under arms. Here everyone is pleased with Venezelos, who impresses those who meet him by his ability, sincerity, open-mindedness and large-mindedness—the last a great and most serviceable quality. And I think the inter-Allies situation is improved and is quite manageable. The same cannot, I am afraid, be said of the Servian-Austrian dilemma. It is not clear that Austria is willing even to concede San Giovanni di Medua, with a narrow connecting band of territory; not a great concession, one would think. Has she any policy but jealous restlessness? Observers cannot discover it.

By the way, one of the series of battles in Thrace—that which preceded Kirk Kilissé, and accounted for the demoralisation of the Turks—has been completely missed by the press, though, indeed, Lieutenant Wagner made the tale complete by putting in an unfought battle at the end. So, with all our science of journalism, we know less about the war than would have been told, in the fourteenth century, by half-a-dozen returned pilgrims.

I HEAR much gossip about the cause of the sharp turn of the Tory leaders first to the left and then to the right, on food taxes, and a general disposition to trace it to the continuing personal distractions of the front bench. These distractions always occur when an able man is passed over for leadership in favor of a rather less able one—and that is the case with Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Law. I do not think it would be correct to regard Mr. Law, still less Lord Lansdowne, as really responsible for the dropping of the Referendum. The leaders waver to and fro as this or that pressure from behind bids them go. Up to a recent date the Cecils (*i.e.*, the anti-Protectionists) pulled so hard as to re-establish their old ascendancy in the party. Then Mr. Chamberlain took a turn, under, I am told, a pretty plain threat of disruption.

BUT no sooner was the Referendum thrown over and the fresh Protectionist advance made, than the cry came from Lancashire that all was lost unless it could be set up again. Everyone who knows the Tory Party knows that there are a considerable body of Members of Parliament who have gone right through this Protectionist revival, steadily telling their leaders that it was folly, and that the party would never come back upon it. Bolton obviously reinforced this view, but what could be done against the prospects of a Chamberlainite secession? Only, it appears, to build up the Colonial dam against food taxes, while letting the water flow through the abandoned Referendum dam. But, as the "Manchester Guardian" says, that was, of two evils, only to choose both. Lancashire rages; Mr. Chamberlain obviously flouts the new terms; the scandalised Colonies

will, of course, decline to take a hand in a British domestic row; and the Opposition is again prospectless.

POOR Mr. Law! On the night after his Ashton speech he came in to an empty bench and to a reception so cold as to suggest that its temperature, as Mr. Balfour would say, was not only frigid but calculated.

THROUGH all this inspissated gloom one hears whispers that Mr. Balfour is going to resume the reins. The story gains color from the easy way in which he consents to act as Mr. Law's deputy. It has taken Mr. Balfour only a few months to move by degrees from the extreme end of the front Opposition bench fairly up to his old place opposite the box, where he now reclines daily with quite the old air of comfortable permanency. Did Gladstone ever deputise for Hartington? After Harcourt's withdrawal from the Opposition leadership it was generally Mr. Bryce who acted in that capacity in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's absence. But Mr. Balfour, if precedent moves him at all, would probably choose an earlier model and decline, like Peel, either to retire from public life or to return to office to please any man, especially in the existing plight of his party.

It will, I fancy, be a great mistake to allow the revolting doctors to think that their hostile vote is in any way discomforting to the Government or the Insurance Commissioners. In the first place, only about half the profession have voted, and everyone knows that the abstainers are, as a body, friendly to the Act and afraid to speak or vote against the furious threats of boycotting—urged, I am told, in insulting and even indecent postcards—which everywhere prevail. But I am not at all sure that a prompt and full medical acceptance of the Act is what its best friends desire. They want to see a real trial of a State medical service, and this is precisely what is going to happen. In some of the great towns—take Edinburgh, for example—it will not be possible to form panels.

In that case the authorities will be fully empowered to set about getting a first-rate local service—all the good new young men, their heads brimful of fresh ideas and methods. They will have enough money to pay and equip it thoroughly (at opening salaries of £500 a year), and even, I think, to provide for special medical education for promising students. Nurses, consultants, special classes of operators, can all be engaged, and the whole character of medical service for the working people brought up to a state of unknown efficiency. Moreover, I am assured that there will be funds enough not merely to look after the insured, but to provide doctoring for their dependents, of course, at reduced rates. Only, the working people must be patient. If medical benefits cannot at once be organised, they must understand that an incomparably better substitute is being diligently prepared for them. Workmen are a little out of hand just now, but their younger leaders, at least, are strong for a State service, and they must do some serious pioneering and educational work.

I HEAR that the Lords as well as the Commons are to have a time-table for the Home Rule Bill—indeed, that the arrangements, although informal, are already settled. They provide for the rejection of the Bill on Second Reading after only four days' debate. This will be as short a shrift as was given to the Bill of 1893. Lord Rosebery was then, I remember, much scandalised at the haste with which the execution was carried out; certainly a strange contrast to its leisurely pilgrimage (eighty-three days in all) through the Commons. But that once powerful voice will probably be silent in the forthcoming renewal of the fight. Oddly enough, since the passing of the Parliament Act over a year ago, Lord Rosebery has not been seen in his place in the House of Lords, in pursuit, I suppose, of his threatened purpose of leaving its "denuded benches" to "acolytes and sycophants."

MEMBERS, especially Welsh members, are singling out Mr. Gladstone as the real author of this week's concessions to the Welsh Church, and if they are right, then we had better revise the modern superstition that speeches don't influence votes. Yet this young wrestler has still to prove himself an orator at all. Those who have been sent to his speech by the raptures of those who heard it own to a certain perplexity. Other critics note the speaker's nervous, rather ungainly gestures—the swaying movements of the tall, sparely-built frame, the wayward restlessness of the hands, the jerky forward thrust of the eager and expressive face, and generally the inappropriateness of so much physical display to a well-ordered scheme of elocution—and, again, are bewildered. Yet the power and distinction of the speech were undeniable. The secret of its success lay in other qualities, notably its moral passion, the fire that lit up every sentence with a glow—in a word, its revelation of the old Gladstone strain.

A FRIEND, lately returned from the war, tells a story from the mouth of wounded Bulgarian soldiers which is typical of their spirit. They complained that the Turks always fled too soon. Asked the reason, they would often give a version of this story. When they had got within 300 yards of the Turkish lines, the order was given to fix bayonets. This order in Bulgarian is "Nanosh" or "Fret! Nanosh" ("Ready! Fix bayonets"). When the Turks heard this cry, they asked those of their comrades who knew Bulgarian to explain what the Bulgars were saying. "Fet Nanosh," was the reply. And what does that mean? "Five on the knife," was the reply. Thereupon the Turks invariably fled.

ONE hears from Oxford that the Prince of Wales strikes everyone as very quiet, modest, and shy. He is much shadowed by his tutor, Mr. Hansell. They are known in the undergraduate world as "Hansel and Gretel."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to me of the relationship between Disraeli and Cobden, reminds me of Disraeli's late, but very just, clear, and accurate portrait of

Cobden in "Endymion," where he figures as Job Thornberry:—

"He was a pale and slender man, with a fine brow and an eye that occasionally flashed with the fire of a creative mind. His voice . . . was rather thin, but singularly clear. There was nothing clearer except his meaning. Endymion never heard a case stated with such pellucid art; facts marshalled with such vivid simplicity, and inferences so natural and spontaneous and irresistible, that they seemed, as it were, borrowed from his audience, though none of that audience had arrived at them before. The meeting was hushed, was rapt in intellectual delight, for they did not give the speaker the enthusiasm of their sympathy. . . . What impressed Endymion as the chief quality of this remarkable speaker was his persuasiveness, and he had the air of being too prudent to offend even an opponent unnecessarily. His language, though natural and easy, was choice and refined. He was evidently a man who had read, and not a little, and there was no taint of vulgarity, scarcely a provincialism, in his pronunciation."

This description is, of course, from personal memory; but what just and delicate observation of the man and his mind!

CHILDREN'S "howlers" being always popular, I extract the following from "The University Correspondent," which lately offered a prize for the best collection:—

"Denmark is washed by the Catty Cat and the Scraggy Hack.

"The Seven Great Powers of Europe are gravity, electricity, steam, gas, fly-wheels and motors, and Mr. Lloyd George.

"Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

"During the Interdict in John's reign, births, marriages, and deaths were not allowed to take place.

"Henry VIII. gained the title Fidei Defensor because he was so faithful to his Queen.

"A Kelt is part of a Scotchman's dress.

"A l'aide de son filet.—With the help of his young lady.

"Cave canem.—Beware lest I sing.

"Il ne faut point disputer les goûts.—One must not quarrel with gouty people.

"Connubis arvisque novis operata juvenus.—The young man was engaged to nine cultured wives.

"A vacuum is an empty space with nothing in it; the Pope lives in one.

"A vacuum is an empty space full of nothing but Germans (germs?).

"A Conservative is a sort of greenhouse where you look at the moon.

"Parliament assembled in September and dissolved in January."

ONE is glad to hear that Mr. Gooch—an historian whom even Lord Acton could call learned—has finished his history of the "Historians in the Nineteenth Century." The book has been Mr. Gooch's task for several years. It is really a summary of the achievements of historical research and production during the great modern period. And that in turn involves a survey, by a very fully instructed mind, of three great landmarks in modern research—First, the recovery of the ancient world; secondly, the exploration of ecclesiastical history; and, thirdly, the reconstruction of the life of humanity in its wider aspects. Can one imagine more vital themes for scholarship?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

PRINCIPLES OF PEACE AND WAR.

BELIEVERS in war are pointing with an air of triumph to the victory of the Balkan peoples as a refutation of the doctrines and policy of peace. Not only does it furnish, they contend, a final answer to the arguments of De Bloch and others who held that modern weapons and tactics would soon make war impossible, but it presents a conspicuous instance of a war that is at once inevitable, just, profitable to the victors, and "idealistic" in its origin. It re-establishes ordeal by battle as a rational procedure. Mr. Norman Angell, the most redoubtable of our warriors against war, examines this restatement of the case for arms in a vigorous brochure entitled, "Peace Theories in the Balkan War" (Horace Marshall). Taking in turn each commendatory adjective, he wrings the sophistry out of it and leaves it flaccid. Inevitable! Everything that happens is inevitable in the sense that, given each preceding action and condition, it was bound to come. The abominations of Turkish misrule, the faded and obsolete character of her State system, the growing strength and co-operation of the allies, the failure of all pacific modes of redress, undoubtedly made this clash of arms inevitable. But inevitable in a moral sense it was not, unless one abrogates all laws of spiritual liberty. If the civilised Powers of Europe, and this country in particular, had not, actuated by fear, greed, or other "reasons of State," betrayed the cause of civilisation and cynically disregarded their treaty obligations, there would have been no war.

To call any war "just," is, of course, to confuse the moral issue. In itself, in every act and incident, war is injustice incarnate, a hell of cruelty, treachery, and of every brutal wickedness. The issue of a war may be a juster state of things than existed before. There is nothing, indeed, in the nature of war to produce this result. Nay, the normal fruits of war are an aggravation of all the passions and the circumstances that make for the tyranny of the strong, the suffering of the weak. But a successful war may be an instrument of justice, bringing liberty and a redress of heavy grievances. All of us hope, and most believe, that in this restricted sense the Balkan War will be "justified." It is quite open to all of us to hold, with Mr. Norman Angell, that within such limitations this war is just and inevitable, and yet to count it as a deeper testimony to the cause of peace. For Mr. Angell has never argued that no war is defensible. In a low stage of the process of civilisation slavery is a progressive step, marking an advance upon wholesale slaughter or cannibalism. So, among backward peoples a successful war may attest an advance in discipline and applied intelligence, used to throw off the yoke of an oppressive despotism. The true lesson of the present conflict is the collapse of a long reign of war. For the rule of the Turk in Europe has stood as a perpetuation of a state of war: his power has always been a war-power. He has contributed nothing to science, literature, art, industry, commerce, government, or any of the arts of peace. "The present war in the Balkans is an attempt—and happily a successful one—to bring this reign of force and conquest to an end, and that is why those of us who do not believe in military force rejoice." The real victory is for peaceful industry over forceful parasitism. "The Turk is an economic parasite, and the economic organism must end by rejecting him."

"Profitable," we hope and believe this war may be, not merely to the Balkan peoples, but to their more civilised neighbors. But its profit will consist, not in any plunder of the treasure, the trade, or the territory of the conquered, but in the simple fact that war, as a chronic fact or fear, may be abrogated throughout the Balkans in favor of conditions which will stimulate and evolve progress in the agricultural industry and commerce of a naturally rich region of the earth hitherto stunted in growth by the régime of war. The Balkan war will certainly lend no support to the stubborn fallacy which Mr. Angell has set himself to destroy, the belief

that it may be "good business" to beat in war a civilised neighbor, and to cripple his industry and take away his trade. How obstinately this notion clings in the mind of men to whom trade is fundamentally a competitive, not a co-operative, process, is well illustrated by a book before us, expressly devoted to refuting Mr. Angell's "Great Illusion," and to rehabilitating the doctrine of the economic hostility of nations. It is entitled "The Struggle for Bread" (The Bodley Head), and the *nom de plume* "A Rifleman" suggests the whole line of fatuous argument. The congestion of a larger proportion of the growing population of all advanced nations in town life and industrial pursuits has led to an over-production of manufactured goods and a relative under-production of foods; the growing demand for foods at constantly rising prices compels advanced nations to compete with ever-growing urgency in foreign markets. Here they are brought into persistent antagonism of economic interests, which can only be resolved by the arbitrament of war. It is this war which, according to our "Rifleman," is inevitable between such rival commercial nations as Germany and Great Britain. All the considerations of international finance and the bonds of mutual interest in commerce, upon which Mr. Angell relies as an economic basis of future peace, are virtually negligible factors, it is urged, in face of the necessarily growing ferocity of this antagonism of markets. Of course, "Rifleman's" fallacies are old, gross, and familiar. They are three. First, the assertion or assumption that Germany, France, Britain, &c., are economic units, trading bodies which compete as such against one another in selling goods. Now, one is almost wearied with pointing out that, from an economic standpoint, Germany, Britain, &c., are false abstractions, that some private British firms are competing for orders with some German firms, but that a far keener competition exists between the several British or the several German firms. But, assuming that we group the British firms together calling them Britain, and the German firms calling them Germany, the assumption that the commercial relations of these two groups are primarily and fundamentally antagonistic is based upon a complete and childish misapprehension of the meaning and mode of commerce. If we hold that "healthy competition" between British firms in the same trade is upon the whole good for them and for the nation, precisely on the same grounds the same sort of competition between what, on our provisional assumption, we call Britain and Germany is equally advantageous to each party and to the aggregate of nations. It is the third fallacy, however, that sticks most persistently in the intellectual gullet of our Protectionists, and makes them into anti-foreigners, the notion that there exists a fixed amount of "foreign market" not nearly enough to go round, and that political and, ultimately, military force must be applied by the Government of each country to enable its merchants and manufacturers to get their share at the expense of some one else's share.

The fundamental principle of commerce, that every willing seller is equally a willing buyer, and that therefore there cannot be any more "supply" to sell than there is "demand" to buy, is somehow impossible to insinuate into the mind of such men as "Rifleman." It is a grave psychological problem, which it behoves Free-traders and Pacifists alike to try to solve. Here is a very simple, almost axiomatic truth, relating to the nature of all commerce, quite irrespective of the existence or arrangement of political boundaries, and yet no amount of presentation, illustration, and argument seems able to procure its acceptance by a very large section of otherwise "educated" and intelligent persons. May not this disability furnish a crucial example of the moral and intellectual damage of the fighting past, which has left this ugly and degrading scar upon the popular intelligence itself, falsifying the meaning of the phrases with which we are accustomed to express the relations of nations to one another, and imparting an emotion of antagonism into the very concept of patriotism? The writing and teaching of national histories, with their false dramatization of all the severing facts and forces, their neglect or disparagement of the factors of a wider

humanity, must bear a heavy burden of this blame. No doubt this falsification of history again in its turn is largely the natural expression of the traditional bias of separatism. But surely the time has come for popular politics to supersede the obsolete and dangerous ideas and language of national intercourse, got from warriors and diplomatists, by ideas and language which are more conformable to the facts and interests of modern civilisation. Mr. Norman Angell has made a great contribution towards this work. The associative forces of trade and of investment, upon which he has laid so much stress, have to some appeared inadequate to bring about the great moral reformation needed for an age of peace. But they are the instruments and the conditions of all higher and more disinterested modes of human association and co-operation. The arts, the sciences, the religions of the world have always moved along trade routes, and it is to the multiplication and the acceleration of these routes that modern humanists must look for the realisation of their hopes that the reign of peace and order may be extended beyond the barriers of nationality.

AN AMBASSADOR TO A PEOPLE.

THE post of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James—which Mr. Whitelaw Reid's sad death leaves vacant—is one of the pleasantest, and at the same time one of the most exacting, of diplomatic offices. Whoever holds it gets nearer to English life than the representative of any other country. He comes to us, or at any rate we insist on receiving him, as a kinsman, a national guest. The Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth or Southampton board his vessel in the bay, and, even before he lands, convince him that the British people have no intention of surrendering him to the Court, Whitehall, and the West End. Nothing, indeed, could well be more significant or of better omen than the semi-official, semi-popular greetings that are extended to each new American Ambassador on his arrival. They have become a custom of British public life, and a custom of which the full meaning is to be found in its singularity. Nothing like it exists anywhere else. No Ambassador to this or any other nation is similarly honored. For the representative of a foreign Power to be fêted on his recall in the capital of the State to which he is accredited, is common enough. But it is not usual to hail him at the moment of his arrival, before he has even presented his credentials, before he has given a hint of his personality or his policy. It is intended to be precisely what it is—a compliment, a distinguishing recognition on our part that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relationship such as unites no other nations on this earth, and that between them some departure from the merely official attitude is of all things the most natural. It would be against the grain of national instinct if no discrimination were made between the American and other Ambassadors. His *confrères* in the diplomatic corps stand outside all but a fraction of British life; the public knows nothing about them, and does not care to know anything; their arrivals and departures, so far from being national events, are mere incidents of society and officialdom; they are what the American Ambassador never is—they are foreigners. He alone gets behind the scenes, and is an object of interest to the people at large. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man.

But while this is as it should be, it gives rise at times to certain perplexities and embarrassments that only an exceptional man, one whose training has been the reverse of that of the ordinary professional diplomatist, can cope with. British hospitality, as a rule, escapes the charge of exuberance. We are, indeed, rather famous for taking our guests' enjoyment for granted, for leaving them cordially alone. But in our treatment of the American Ambassador, there is sometimes a demonstrativeness that verges on the inexorable. We ask almost too much of him; we drive him too hard.

There is no rest for an American Ambassador in London. He only begins to know what work is when he becomes a British public character, and he becomes that as soon as he is installed in the Embassy offices. Throughout his stay among us we presume on his knowledge of English. There must, indeed, be times when we force him to wish he spoke Basque and Basque only, and did not the faith and morals hold that Milton held. So might he live among us and possess his soul in peace—a mere man, and not an institution. But as it is, Great Britain and the American Ambassador set to forthwith to see which can entertain the other the best. We turn him into a lecturer to the nation. Educational and philosophical institutes thrust him into their presidential chairs, and exact from him an address in return. The Dante Society, the Boz Club, the Omar Khayyâm Society, the Walter Scott Club, if they can secure him, will have no one else for their guest.

Things, indeed, have come to such a pass that an American Ambassador who was content to be merely an Ambassador, who could not or would not speak, who loathed public occasions, and shunned a platform, and who screened himself behind the official ramparts, would be reckoned a failure, almost, indeed, a freak of nature. But it is partly America's own fault. She should not send us cultivated, complaisant men, triply armed with the capacity to meet our exactions. Adams, Phelps, Lowell, Hay, Choate, and Whitelaw Reid—what other Embassy in the world can show such a line of occupants? Every one of them was distinguished as a lawyer, citizen, or literary man before he became eminent as a diplomatist. Every one of them had interests and affiliations that stretched beyond protocols and despatches and official routine. Every one of them brought into British life the flavor of the best Americanism, and yet was a success in his business and bargaining hours.

Out of the remarkable succession of representatives who have held the post of American Ambassador in Great Britain, not one has held security of tenure, or any regular and recognised system of promotion, or any pension. All appointments are made by the President from men of his own party, and are liable to cease at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. Diplomacy, in fact, in American eyes is rather a diversion than a career, and many of the highest posts in the service are given to men who have had no official training, but who like to round off a successful political, professional, or business career by a new and pleasantly rich experience. This way of doing things is not without its obvious disadvantages, one of the greatest of which is that it restricts the Ambassadorships at the chief capitals to men of wealth, and brings into their bestowal a flavor of party politics. A nation with heavy and serious diplomatic responsibilities, and less immune than are the Americans from the intimate clash of international politics, probably could not afford to organise its diplomatic service on any such lines. But the point to note is that in American hands an apparently faulty system is made to yield, so far at least as Great Britain is concerned, admirable results. The reason is that the American Ambassador in Great Britain regards himself as at least as much the Ambassador to the British people as to the British Court, and precisely because he is free from the restrictions and the professional outlook and the formalism of the regular service, he is able to reach the "man in the street," to win his regard and to hold his interest. It is to men of this type, and with this broader, fresher, and more human way of looking at their functions, that the future of diplomacy belongs. Mr. Bryce, for instance, has amply and brilliantly demonstrated that the kind of man who ought always to represent Great Britain in the United States is the kind of man who for the past two generations has represented the United States in Great Britain. There is another country in which an official representative of this stamp would find unsurpassable opportunities for usefulness, and that country is Germany. A British Ambassador in Germany, approaching his duties in the same spirit in which Mr. Choate and Mr. Whitelaw Reid approached theirs in London, and Mr. Bryce his in Washington, able

to hold his own in the intellectual life of the German Empire, making a point of seeing all he could of the country and its people, attending meetings, congresses, and universities, and competent to explain Great Britain to German audiences, would be an inestimable asset to the cause of Anglo-German amity. Have we ever tried to send this kind of man to Berlin? And what kind of success has attended the use of the conventional ambassadorial type? Let the recent relationship of Germany and Great Britain bear witness.

A DEPARTED PASSION.

WE talk of beauty with great confidence, and there is nothing of which men are more certain than their belief that one thing is beautiful, and another not. But few things are so variable as judgment on beauty, nor do the fleeting generations of man pass away as quickly as the idea of it. Not only are the opinions of one man or the other, of the cultured few and the jolly crowd, infinitely different and strongly opposed, but even among the cultured, one judgment merges into another like rapidly dissolving views, and radiant hair that one decade derides as "carrots" is acclaimed by the next as an angel's proper halo. It is not exactly imitation or even hypnotic suggestion that makes the change. Rather it seems a kind of infection, or something in the air, just as sometimes a city is taken by influenza all at once, or as our fathers suddenly began quarrelling over surplices and gowns. It is true that one man's influence may set the fashion going; but he must hit the right moment of the ages, else he will be neglected till the right moment comes. For you cannot hurry up the tide of beauty, as was shown in neglected Blake, powerful only from the grave.

These tides of opinion are so definite that anyone, after a little observation, can fix the date of any poetry, prose, painting, sculpture, music, or architecture within fifty years, usually within twenty-five. James I., for instance, reigned only twenty-two years; Queen Anne only twelve; yet critics can confidently say "Jacobean" or "Queen Anne" of nearly all poetry, prose, or architecture produced in their reigns, because a certain character or idea of beauty marks nearly everything of those years, and marks no other time. It is not a matter of paints, engineering, or mechanical contrivances. It depends on the soul, and the queer thing is that the soul of a nation or of a continent, composed of millions of separate souls, passes from stage to stage just like the soul of an individual man. Any picture gallery will show that at one time people liked representations of angels, archangels, and all the company of heaven; at other times they liked representations of boors playing bowls and kissing barmaids; of dead deer, swans, and turkeys heaped on a sideboard with melons and tankards of wine; of Court beauties disguised as Dianas; of shepherdesses with ribboned crooks and silken hose; of dogs, railway-stations, and the Queen contemplating her husband's bag in the Highlands; of pallid knights and medieval damsels languorous with yearning; until to-day they revolt against representations of anything at all, and in our newest galleries Turner and Whistler would be rejected because their day is over, and a French Impressionist only admitted for his interesting antiquity.

No one complains. Life is perpetual flux, and if our artists had gone on painting like Turner or Whistler or Burne-Jones, we should by now be as sick of them as of carrion. When one form of beauty reaches a height, the only salvation lies in trying another form. Few passions remain radiant for more than the eternity of an hour—radiant as the Lady who was so bright as to be invisible in flame; and an idea of beauty that has to be kept alive is already dead. So, for instance, Greek and Russian sacred art has been dead for all the centuries since the sacred Eikons reached an accepted perfection from which the priests forbade artists to deviate. And so, one suspects, all the revivals of miracle-plays, May-poles, Morris-dances, folk-songs, and other pleasantry of

Merrie England, are likely to yield no better life than electrified mummies, because the spirit of man has passed on to something else.

We are now witnessing the gradual death of a peculiar conception of beauty which had survived beyond the usual term, for it was more than a century old. If the word "death" seems harsh, we will say dissolution, or even transformation; for one conception of beauty merges into the next, just as dead violets may serve to nurture a turnip. This conception was generally called "the love of nature," though that is not quite an adequate account. It was a passion, an unspeakable yearning, aroused by the sight, or memory, or even by the imagination of certain kinds of natural scenery, especially wild mountains, lonely waters, distant seas, and unpenetrated deserts. Sunset skies awoke the same passion, and so did the purity of dawn appearing over mountain peaks and the woods beside swift rivers. In the comfortable and fertile aspect of a well-husbanded plain, the lover of nature might be happy, but he could not be transported by that passion, that yearning, in which as much sorrow and unhappiness as joy were intermingled. To kindle that flame of indefinable desire, some touch of wildness was needed—some touch of romance, one might say, if the word did not call up crumbling ruins and silly knights in armor. Association certainly, had a part in it, and the vision of distant mountains was the more poignant if they were haunted by traditions of old battles and a suffering or rebellious race, like the Irish, the Tyrolese, or even the Welsh. But loneliness, silence, and the possibility of the spiritual or bodily adventures of a wilderness were necessary for the full and terrible magic of the charm.

Writing in the "Sartor," eighty years ago, Carlyle could already mock at this "love of nature" as the pestilence of view-hunting:—

"Some time before smallpox was extirpated," he says, "there came a new malady of a spiritual sort on Europe. I mean the epidemic, now endemical, of View-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged with Senses, had also enjoyed external Nature; but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor for us; that is to say, in silence, or with slight incidental commentary; never, as I compute, till after the 'Sorrows of Werther' was there man found who would say: 'Come, let us make a description! Having drunk the liquor, come, let us eat the glass!'"

Certainly, view-hunting has long been a plague. It is the curse of tourists, doubly cursing the tourists themselves and the lands they visit. If a man has nothing better to do with his time than to go spying round at picturesque bits, comparing the merits of various views, and following German directions to admire the "first-rate glimpse" from Goethe's Rest, or the French directions to Ruskin's Stone at Chamonix, he had better stop at home or die. But there was much more than view-hunting in that passionate "love of nature." Those whom it inspired felt in nature, as Wordsworth felt, a presence that "disturbed them with the joy of elevated thoughts":—

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

In the end, in spite of the charm of isolation with the sky and cataracts and savage wilderness, it was that sense of something far more deeply interfused which brought them their disturbing joy; and close behind it blew softly "the still, sad music of humanity."

Carlyle says that Goethe felt the passion first, and certainly in his early manhood Goethe heard that music of humanity and knew that disturbing joy, finding both in wilder scenes and thoughts than Rousseau, whose ideal of nature was rather the sweet pastures at the foot of Chambéry's tossing crags, or the quiet northern shores of Geneva, abounding in harvests. In our country, Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley were all kindled, enraptured, and tormented by the passion in varying forms. But in Ruskin all forms were combined, and to him, the last of nature's passionate pilgrims, every flame of that passion, every rapture and torment was known. We are reminded of that noble, beautiful, and tormented

emblem of a departed age by the latest of the long series of volumes in which Sir Edward Cook has erected a memorial unequalled in literature for labor, scholarship, and judgment. It is called "Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin" (George Allen), and it may have been prompted by the drawings that Miss E. M. B. Warren has long been collecting of Ruskin's chief dwelling-places and resorts. We wish Ruskin's own pictures of the places had been added, as in most cases, we think, they might have been. But here the book is, a supplement to the larger biography, and in many other ways valuable, especially for its quotations.

To illustrate two phases of that departed passion called the "love of nature," let us take from one of those quotations only a few lines. They come from the well-known passage in "The Seven Lamps," describing Ruskin's approach to the Alps through the Jura, about seventy years ago. The present writer once heard him read it himself, and he remembers the humorous self-satisfaction with which, in spite of some disapproval of the style, he dwelt upon the description of the hawk, nearly touching the topmost cliff with his wings, and having under his breast a fall of a hundred fathoms:—

"I came out presently on the edge of the ravine," he wrote, "the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with its wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam-globes moving with him as he flew."

The scene appeared to depend entirely upon its own secluded and serious beauty, but for a moment he endeavored to imagine it a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent.

"The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious than it, in its renewing. These ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had to be dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron walls of Joux, and the four-square keep of Gransons."

There is the "romance," the adventurous mystery, of which we spoke; and there breathes the still, sad music of humanity. And so it is throughout this book, whether the chapters tell of Scotland, Italy, the marble crest of Salève, or the final home beside the water of Coniston. We listen to the last sigh of that "love of nature" which the last century knew as an absorbing and disturbing passion. It is all dead now, or rather it is transformed by the turn of beauty's wheel. Crowds are rushing to the Alps this week. Bound for a happy day among the "sports d'hiver," they will feel none of that tiresome passion, and see nothing in the least resembling the things that Ruskin saw in the same places. The Alps themselves are on their way to become the greatest and most beneficent manufacturing district in Europe, and, what is more significant, our artists rejoice in the huge power-stations worked by their glacier streams, and would rather have a factory chimney in the foreground than a pine. For we roll from one reaction to another, and if what our fathers thought hideous can redeem us from their idea of beauty, let us be quick to embrace it.

Short Studies.

I.

THE PARADOX OF CHRISTMAS.

THE writer remembers as quite a child being conscious of a difference in the Christianity of Christmas carols and that of the religious teaching he ordinarily received. It was not merely that the carols made him happy, the

usual instruction very miserable indeed. There was a difference of atmosphere, of intellectual apprehension which he could not put his finger upon or define, but which, even when what was set forth in both cases was identical, he felt to be unmistakably there. He remembers puzzling very much over this. In later years he, of course, understood that the difference was in the way of looking at the Incarnation. To the orthodoxy still current in those days, this was a means to an end. The end was what was dwelt upon. In the carols the Christmas story was not so much a means as an end in itself. All awe, all joy, all tenderness gathered round the central scene of all creation and all time.

In the days of which we speak, an apprehension of medieval Christianity was beginning to be recovered in England. Mr. C. A. Miles, in his new book on "Christmas" (published by Mr. Fisher Unwin), sets forth the fluctuations in the English way of looking at the matter succinctly and well. The great carol period was the later fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries; the Elizabethan Christmas note is domestic; the early Stuart religious poetry is individual, not communal. Puritanism was abstract, not dramatic; it derived its inspiration from the Old Testament and St. Paul rather than the Gospels; it looked at matter as a hindrance, not a sacrament; it attempted to put down the Festival altogether. Christmas was revived at the Restoration, but it was never altogether itself again. Carols, in particular, were still sung by the country people, but the genuine impulse was lost. They tended to become doggerel; many of the traditional pieces are debased survivals of the Middle Ages. This last observation has, by the way, often occurred to ourselves. With the loss of the entire and lively apprehension of their meaning the words themselves have evidently become corrupted.

The above summary sets forth all that need be said as to the history of the matter. What was the loss or gain of it? If, as we think few will deny, amid all these changes there passed away a glory from the earth, what remained, or did anything take the place of what had been lost? Mr. Miles enumerates the characteristics of Christmas, we think correctly, as "human kindliness, democracy, sacramentalism, the exaltation of the little child." The human Kindliness and the democracy remained, and were, perhaps, accentuated. They became splendidly articulate in Dickens. The exaltation of the little child received a great impetus in the nineteenth century, and is constantly growing.

Let us imagine a Christmas scene from the multitudinous lives of the people which would be sympathetic to Dickens and on which Charles Lamb would smile. In the afternoon of Christmas Day, we see, say, Mr. Smithberry, the chimney sweep, the blackamoor goblin of children, his terrific brushes laid aside, washed and white, clipped and clean, in shiny broadcloth, his pockets bulging with threepenny bits, silver rings on his fat, stumpy fingers, and a silver watch-chain across his velvet waistcoat, his own little girls sucking their oranges around his knees, their blonde hair tied with blue ribbons, in his front parlor stuck with holly and mistletoe, playing the concertina and drinking gin and water with his wife. Who does not delight in such scenes? Who does not rejoice at the thought of the blind beggar coming home on Christmas Eve, after a December London day under his arch, to a warm fire and a hot supper of tripe and onions? His wife greets him and his little boy tumbles between his legs. But, pleasant as they are, such domestic scenes of human kindliness and good cheer lack a certain supernatural consecration and charm.

In Dickens's time the chimney-sweep washed oftener than he did in the Middle Ages or even in the eighteenth century, and the upward movement is still going on. To-day the little girls have sweeter oranges and more varied dried fruits. The concertina has become a gramophone; the gin and water has been replaced by some temperance drink. The blind beggar as an institution is probably on his last legs. Man's journeys to and fro on this planet are performed more speedily, if not more safely, and they are certainly much more frequent. But one sighs for the radiant figure of Raphael, guide

of travellers, with morning-gilded wings and dalmatic blown by the March wind.

The idea which can give unfailingly a consecration and a charm to scenes as homely as that in the chimney-sweep's best parlor, is that of the exaltation of the transient by its union with the Eternal. This is the paradox of Christmas, the unique and satisfying gift and possession of Christianity. To this, we are convinced, men will come back, from Eastern reveries and rhapsodies, from hard irrational theisms, from Moslem fatalisms, from absorption in material good, or the pagan worship of beauty for its own sake. All these things do but mock the longing and the suffering of men. But to the fainting and the heart-sick, the Christmas tidings comes like good news from a far country. The disappointed, the unsuccessful, the unsatisfied are still in tune with the Universe, for the Way was weary and the Fountain was athirst.

The Christmas paradox is expressed in the ever-recurring burden of Fra Jacopone's songs, "Dio fatto piccino." But the Divine limitation is seen, not only in the utter weakness and helplessness of the Stable, but at every stage of the Holy Life. The Man was here and not there, to see Him in the crowd the dwarf must climb a fig tree, His suppliants sometimes missed Him if peradventure He was on a journey, or peradventure He was asleep. Not only are the endearing diminutives applied to the Child in the Crib, but the Man Christ, for instance, is the "Little Brother" of the entire Russian people. It is very touching that in Russia He is sometimes represented as lame. It is said, we know not with what truth, that the slanting transverse bar on every Eastern Cross indicates this. Here is the democracy of Christianity. It is the religion of the limited and the suffering, that is of the mass, nay, of all mankind. It is the transfiguration of limitation and of sorrow. The gladness at the heart of all things is itself a sorrow transformed, a sorrow that has been turned into joy.

It is good, we are sure, for the moujik and the chimney-sweep and the blind beggar to keep Christmas, not only the Christmas of kindness and of democracy, but the Christian Christmas. Kindliness and democracy are essentially Christian things. So is humor, which is the irradiation and the transfiguration of the grotesque, the futile, and the dull. How kindly and how charming, by the way, is the Tuscan word "cristianella" for a foolish old woman, "a poor little Christian soul"! As for romance, it was born in the Stable of Bethlehem. Christianity does not call a stable unclean nor a carpenter's shop common. It does not shut out the workaday world from its high mysteries, its poetry and art. Moreover, it is the religion of immense expectations, of infinite vistas. Nothing is too good to be true. If we hear such things at Christmas, why, by Easter, who knows what news the bells of Moscow and Kieff and Constantinople may ring out as they answer each other?

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

II. MISERIA.

"It isn't an illness," said a little Croatian sister, whose business it is to count the shirts and sheets, and see that the Montenegrin maidens do not steal them from the Montenegrin sick and wounded—for your Montenegrin woman is a rare thief, and will plunder anywhere.

"It is not illness—it is only miseria!"

A human wreck—a fragment left by the wave of war—lay gasping and retching.

"Miseria"! Only miseria! It is what we are suffering from here now. "Red Crosses," English, Austrian, French, Italian, Russian, Bohemian, swarm. They struggle indeed for patients. They are fitted up with wondrous surgical appliances—but—they will take no infectious cases. And the aftermath of every war is illness—not wounds. So the beautiful and costly foreign hospitals, which absorb all the best buildings, remain half-empty, and we—who are attached to the Montenegrin Red Cross—wrestle with typhus, enteritis, gastritis,

dysentery, and smallpox—all mixed together in one seething mass.

In spite of the fact that a marked and typical case of smallpox was in the ward, the Montenegrin authorities persisted it was chickenpox, and poured in other patients, till too late. And these wretched "other patients"! Patient is indeed the word that fits them. Suffering intolerable and incredible! Miseria!

One lay in a corner on a filthy straw mattress, and stank most sickeningly. There he lay moaning ceaselessly.

"Dysentery—very typical," said the doctor.

"Don't go near him," said a Montenegrin maiden; "he stinks."

In truth "miseria" summed him up. An elderly man, stricken for a fortnight with acute dysentery—emaciated, hardly human in his filth. His extreme forlornness was appealing.

He muttered feebly. "I've worn these clothes for a month and a half. I cannot live any longer. I can't sleep for the vermin. My foot is dead. They tied it up ten days ago." Such words—feeble and disjointed—told his tale. We loosened the filthy bandage, and the little toe, bone and all, came off with it. Lice rushed from the oozing sore. It was a frost-bite. "Ten days and nights," he moaned, "I walked through snow, sometimes up to my breast. Then I was ill. My other leg hurts too!" His other leg was raw and suppurating.

Another frost-bite.

He had been ordered milk by the doctor. But no one had been there to see that he had it, and for two days little but dirty water had passed his lips. Then a Bosnian doctor and his wife, a Russian doctor, and a few other foreign assistants came as volunteer helpers. "If it weren't for the strangers we should all be dead!" said an unhappy man.

But even with "the strangers," miseria triumphs. A man—all that remained of one—was brought in, moaning horribly. Three days and nights he had lain in a ditch of snow, and, though marble-cold, was still alive. Conscious, alas! and in agony. But he survived only a day in spite of all efforts.

General Vukotich's army plunged through snow for ten days, and slept in it for ten nights, in order to come from "Old Serbia" to Scutari. Bronchitis, pneumonia, and rheumatism are the price paid. And, alas! from Turkish territory they carried smallpox.

Here, in the hospital, lie men, whose legs to the knee and above are cold as stone. They cannot sleep for the aching. And not more than one blanket is available for each. Almost all, when they arrived, were stockingless, and not a pair of socks or stockings can Podgoritza produce.

"It isn't the fighting I mind; it is the lying awake all night as cold as ice. If we could only have a bit of fire!" said one. But wood is hard to get, and the stove smokes.

Endless rubbing with camphor and mustard spirit fails to stir more than a feeble and temporary circulation.

An icy wind blows—shrieks—tears the water cans from the hands of the women, who struggle up from the river with them. Bang—crash goes a window-pane, and a blast cuts over the miserable, shivering beings on their filthy mattresses. A gum-pot and a daily paper from England serve as temporary repair.

Fresh glass cannot be obtained, as all workmen are out as soldiers. Service in the hospital is largely performed by Turkish prisoners.

Miseria! If this be the price paid by the conquerors, the woe of the conquered must be untold and incredible.

Scutari—Scutari, the joy of all lovers of the picturesque and beautiful—lies starving and suffering but a day's journey distant. And around it, freezing and shoeless, and suffering, is the besieging army.

Why is it that so much sympathy is expended on the wounded? The wound from a modern rifle—if it does not touch a vital part—is comparatively insignificant.

The speed of the bullet partly cicatrises the wound,

and if it be kept even moderately clean, it heals in a fortnight. And the wounded has always a certain glory that buoys him up.

It is the victims of miseria that are truly pitiable. Those that drop in the track and rot.

And miseria is the price of war!

"The Balkan land for the Balkan people." But the Balkan lands were but sparsely populated, and the victims are innumerable.

At the beginning of September, when all was being prepared for war, and the Serb inhabitants of Kosovo vilayet being daily supplied with rifles, a Serb of Plava said, "Last year the Maltiori of Maltisia-e-madhe revolted. They fought fair; they never assaulted a woman, nor burnt a mosque, nor mutilated a body. They hoped Europe would intervene and protect them, and recognise that they had fought as civilised people. What did Europe do? She hurled those people back to the Turks with never a guarantee of any sort. She supported the Turk who burnt, mutilated, and assaulted. This has taught us a lesson. Europe likes horrors. Very well—she shall have them. This war that is just going to begin will surpass all others. We will take eye for eye—head for head. Then perhaps Europe will be satisfied!"

This programme has in truth been carried out. All that the Turk has done for five centuries has been repaid him in one supreme blood-bath.

The vengeance is colossal and complete. But the price paid is Miseria.

"There will be no Moslem problem," says many a Balkan man, "because we have killed them nearly all off. Those that survive will have been taught a lesson they will not forget."

To us on the spot, with "Peace" now almost in sight, the question is, what will be the result of the struggle that must inevitably follow? The struggle against no human foe, but the struggle against the horror that will fall alike upon victor and vanquished as they reel exhausted from the fight—the struggle with Miseria.

M. F. DURHAM.

Music.

WAS WAGNER A JEW?

IN a preface to a volume of Brahms's compositions recently issued by Messrs. Jack, Sir Charles Stanford raises afresh the old question as to whether Wagner was or was not a Jew. Or rather he does not raise the question at all; he regards it as settled. So confident is his statement of the Hebraic origin of Wagner that any plain man, unversed in these matters, who happens to read Sir Charles Stanford's preface, will naturally assume that Wagner's Judaism is as universally admitted as the law of gravitation. Sir Charles Stanford, indeed, hardly condescends to consider the question of evidence for his assertion—probably because neither he nor any one else has any evidence to give. Sir Charles Stanford's position is a peculiar and not unamusing one. No living musician, in all probability, has passed through so many stages of admiration and revulsion as he. There was a time when he was all for Wagner; now, apparently, he is all for Brahms. And being all for Brahms, he must, of course, to some extent be anti-Wagner. And as his artistic conscience will not allow him to say much against Wagner as a musician in his own field, he takes it out of him by alleging that he was a Jew. He is careful, of course, to suggest that this term carries no reprobation with it; but all the same one can detect a sort of malicious twinkle in his eye as he tells his fable. In one sense we are not sorry to see this charge—for it is undoubtedly meant as a charge by those who give publicity to it—brought against Wagner. There is a certain poetic justice in the spectacle of the man who was so violent and vulgar an anti-Semite in his day now being accused of belonging to the race he so cordially and unreasonably hated. He apparently thought, or wished

to make other people think, that there was Jewish blood in Brahms. It was therefore natural that out-and-out Brahms partisans should hail with glee this opportunity of making a retort in kind upon Wagner. This is what Sir Charles Stanford now does. He affirms afresh what we all knew quite well—that Brahms was of the purest Teutonic blood; and, in his opinion, "the humor of the situation reaches its climax when it is discovered that the very man who attacked any music or musician of Jewish connection was himself tarred with the brush with which he had been endeavoring to orientalise his blue-eyed, fair-haired, and high-instepped German contemporary." Observe the artfulness of Sir Charles Stanford's method; he offers no evidence as to Wagner being a Jew; he simply alleges that the fact has been "discovered."

Where and when, we may ask, was this "discovery" made? We know that there has long been tittle-tattle current to the effect that Wagner's real father was not the police official whose name he bears, but the brilliant actor, musician, painter, and dramatist, Ludwig Geyer, who came to the rescue of Wagner's mother in the early days of her widowhood, and married her a couple of years afterwards. For the last generation or two a certain number of people have been going about the world shaking their heads mysteriously, and darkly hinting at what they could tell if their lips were not sealed. Nietzsche publicly made the statement that Wagner's real father was Geyer. After that the story went the rounds that Wagner, in his Autobiography, had himself admitted this paternity. The recent publication of the Autobiography, in which there is not a word that supports this theory, has, of course, not sufficed to silence the self-confident advocates of this theory; their courageous and easy rejoinder is that at this point the Autobiography has been tampered with. As we can neither prove nor disprove that assertion, we need take no serious notice of it. It is sufficient to say that one of the arguments most relied upon by the prosecution has broken down. A branch of this argument, or pseudo-argument, is that Wagner was typically Jewish in appearance. I question whether that theory would ever have gained currency except for the tittle-tattle existing with regard to his supposed paternity. It has long been a puzzle to the present writer to discover what there is particularly Jewish in Wagner's face. It is true that his nose was large and to some extent aquiline; but it is certainly not the nose that we are accustomed to regard as typically Jewish. The portrait of Geyer that we possess does not show a physiognomy that anybody would call on the face of it Hebraic. On the other hand, Wagner's mother had a nose not only very prominent and curved like Wagner's, but suggesting a Jewish origin far more than either his or Geyer's. For the rest, there is nothing whatever in Wagner's face that could lead anyone to think he was a Jew. Let us take Sir Charles Stanford's own test. He remarks that "no one who had known Brahms, especially in his later years, when the Jewish type, if it exists in the blood, is most accentuated, could fail to see that in face, in complexion, in hair, and in gait he was a pure Teuton, without a trace of Eastern relationship or characteristics." Precisely; it is in a man's later years that Jewish characteristics in the blood show themselves most markedly in the face. Now Wagner, so far from looking more Jewish in his maturity and old age, looked decidedly less Jewish. In some of the full-faced portraits, indeed, the face bears an extraordinarily close resemblance to that of Mr. Asquith. Some people would call it a typically English face. And what of the other members of the Wagner family? We have portraits of his uncle Adolf and his brother Albert (the latter was born fourteen years before Wagner, and therefore before Geyer comes into the story.) But these faces are unmistakably of the same cast as Wagner's; that of Albert, indeed, is almost exactly the face of Wagner, but without the genius. No judge and jury would say on this evidence that there was the slightest reason to connect Wagner with the Hebrew race.

It is true that Sir Charles Stanford attempts to support his very dubious thesis by some show of musical

argument. He alleges that "the most marked characteristic in such little Jewish music as still exists is the continual repetition of short phrases"—a method, he says, which Mendelssohn "uses to the verge of monotony" in his later works, and which is visible again in Wagner's employment of leading motives. Note, to begin with, the restriction of the use of this method to Mendelssohn's *later* works. Being a Jew, Mendelssohn surely would have betrayed this characteristic in the work of his whole life, if it really be a characteristic rooted in the Hebrew nature. It looks as if the ingenuous argument were that there is no Jew like an old Jew. But it is of even less applicability to Wagner than to Mendelssohn. It is true that in the "Ring of the Nibelung," Wagner worked to a great extent upon short leading motives; but the employment of these was due to the special problems of structure which he was then engaged in working out. Sir Charles Stanford, with his extensive knowledge of Wagner's music, ought to know perfectly well that the short phrase is not a characteristic of Wagner's style as a whole. The phrases in "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," the youthful Symphony, and the "Faust Overture" are as long-breathed as any of Brahms's. Moreover, Sir Charles Stanford admits that in at least half of his work Wagner was a typical Teuton. He speaks of Brahms's melodies as being "long, developed, diatonic, and replete with a quality which may, for lack of a better term, be called 'swing.'" We get precisely the same qualities in the "Meistersinger." Sir Charles Stanford surely is only playing at argument when he lays it down that Wagner was a typical Teuton when he wrote the "Meistersinger," and a typical Jew when he wrote the "Ring." But further, is the short thematic phrase a characteristic of the Hebrew composer? Sir Charles Stanford may be recommended to peruse the symphonies and the songs of a Jewish composer like Mahler, and tell us where he finds this Jewish curtness of phrase. If, indeed, we are to attribute Hebraic ancestry to a composer on the strength merely or mainly of a certain shortness of melodic breath, there are dozens of composers who would have difficulty in repelling the imputation. Was there ever a composer who habitually worked upon such short phrases as Grieg, for example? Is there anything to equal for brevity some of the themes with which Beethoven worked such wonders? And what precisely is a short phrase? Will Sir Charles Stanford be good enough to give us a sort of inch-rule and table of measurements, by the application of which we shall be able to say precisely where musical Judaism ends and Gentilism begins?

It is upon such flimsy foundations as these that Sir Charles Stanford erects his theory that Wagner was a Jew. It is, of course, not impossible; nothing is impossible in this world. One of the rumors afloat is that Wagner himself, in private, spoke of Geyer as being his father. Again, proof or disproof is impossible. But granting, for the sake of argument, that Wagner did say this, the question then arises, "Was Geyer a Jew?" It has recently been shown by Otto Bournot, by means of Church records, that Geyer's ancestors had for some time been Church musicians of the Evangelical communion. Until, then, a writer has better evidence than Sir Charles Stanford has for alleging that Wagner was a Jew, he should not make the assertion with such a deceptive air of authority. If ever this volume of Brahms's compositions reaches a second edition, we may reasonably expect Sir Charles to give some evidence for the faith that is in him.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Letters to the Editor.

A UNIONIST VIEW OF THE TRADE UNIONS BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hope that I am not unduly sensitive to blows delivered in the ordinary course of political controversy, but

I cannot help protesting against the monstrous statement recently circulated that the Unionist Party is engaged in an attempt to smash trade unionism and to wreck the Trade Union Bill. I imagine, indeed, that nobody in the House of Commons would weep if the Bill as it now stands were destroyed. The only real advantage that it could bring to anybody would be to my own profession; for, besides being unjust and unworkable, it contains sufficient material for litigation to keep us lawyers busy for many a year. But on the principle of the Bill we are all agreed. We are in favor of trade union representation in the House of Commons. Social and industrial legislation would be impossible without the representation in Parliament of organised labor. Our devotion to this principle is not mere lip-service; it is shown by the fact that, in spite of the scant courtesy which we have received in Committee, the Unionist members have steadily refused to adopt obstructive or wrecking tactics. The Bill will be through Committee by Christmas; it will be ready for the Government to take up at the very first moment that the Government will have time to deal with it. If we had cared to prolong discussion upon it until the middle of January, the Bill would have almost certainly been lost. We could have done it. The remembrance of the exploits of Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Handel Booth has taught us what organised obstruction can do. We dislike the details of this Bill immensely, but we are not going to imitate the wantonness of destruction which lost the Housing Bill and the Mental Deficiency Bill.

For what did we fight in Committee? We fought for the secrecy of the ballot and the protection of the political rights of the minority. These principles may or may not be right, but they are not unimportant principles, and they were once thought to be Liberal principles. It is the extreme of carping criticism to attempt to construe our desire for general impartial supervision of trade union ballots into an insult to the unions. We do not let Members of Parliament count their own votes, not because we think that Members of Parliament are as a class dishonest and corrupt, but merely because public confidence demands that a ballot should be supervised by a person who has no interest in the result. If precautions against fraud were to be regarded as an insult, the whole business and commercial life of the nation would be at a standstill to-morrow. The attitude of moral indignation taken up by the Labor Party on this matter is as misplaced as if I were to express resentment if my banker asked me for security for an overdraft.

On similar grounds we object to the arrangement in the Government Bill whereby a man who seeks exemption from the political levy has to send in a signed notice to the political caucus which he is unwilling to support. Our objection stands apart altogether from the question whether the man who does so will, in fact, be subjected to intimidation or outrage, though we know, of course, that bad cases of the kind have happened. The executive control of the unions is to-day in the hands of the Labor Party. Under the Bill the notices of dissentient members are to go to the executive. But this is to do the very thing which in the ordinary relations of life we try to avoid. We do not put men in a position where their interest conflicts with their duty. The executive would be under a duty to treat the dissentient member impartially, but it would be to their interest to intimidate him into accepting the policy they desire to promote. Besides, we stand by the principle of the Ballot Act that it is wrong to force a man publicly to avow his political convictions by placing him at a disadvantage if he does not do so. We hold that the position of the Government is undemocratic and illiberal.

Now we come to the position of the Labor Party. The object of the Labor Party is, first of all, to compel every man to join a union, and, second, to compel every trade unionist to pay towards the political party of the majority. May I put the same position in another form? Suppose an immense Trust were to come to Sir Alfred Mond, whom I understand to be a supporter of the trade union position, and forced him, under a threat of driving him into bankruptcy, to pay £200 a year to the Tariff Reform League? Would that not be rightly regarded as a monstrous abuse of economic power for political purposes? £200 a year may be nothing to Sir Alfred Mond, but he would strongly object to pay it towards a crusade which he regards as dangerous to the country. Would he think it any excuse that the

Trust genuinely believed that Tariff Reform would benefit not only them but also himself? He suspects and dislikes the whole thing, and that should end the matter. Where is the difference between Sir Alfred Mond and the Conservative working man, except that one is rich and influential and the other poor and friendless? Tyranny is tyranny all the world over, and it is as vile when it is exercised by a democracy as by an autocrat.

We have not confined ourselves to criticism. I put down, and Mr. Peto moved, amendments designed to correct the injustices of the Bill *while preserving its essential principle*. Briefly, they would enable the minority in a trade union to allot their political contributions to committees of their own choosing, and to carry on political propaganda according to their own convictions. The only objection to the scheme appears to be that it would involve two ballots at the beginning instead of one. As the cost would, on my proposal, be borne by the State, and not by the unions, I cannot regard that objection as very serious. The whole operation would be considerably simpler than, for instance, an American Presidential Election, and I do not believe that our trade unionists are less intelligent than the average American citizen. If this scheme were put into operation the result would be the formation of a most powerful Labor Party—united upon the industrial questions in which the unions are really concerned, and divided, upon matters on which, as unions, they are indifferent, according to the private convictions of the members. I want to strengthen the unions, and I believe that their greatest strength must lie in the confidence which the public at large reposes in their fairness to their minorities.

May I say one word in conclusion about the silence which the Labor Party maintained upon these and other amendments? I fear that by this conspiracy of silence upon important Bills, far more than by gag and guillotine, we are jeopardising something infinitely precious—the settlement of the affairs of a free State by public discussion, and not by autocratic will. You, sir, have set us all an excellent example by giving the freedom of your columns to political opponents. I hope that in discussing the great new problems which modern industrialism presents to us, we shall not be so tied by party considerations and Parliamentary traditions that we cannot give them the open-minded discussion that they urgently require.—Yours, &c.,

LESLIE SCOTT.

House of Commons.
December 17th, 1912.

THE FLOGGING CRAZE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to add to what has been published in THE NATION on this subject a few words from the point of view of a Colonial Governor who was for many years very earnestly interested in substituting for a system of legislation of cruel severity a criminal code in accordance with the more humane spirit of the Victorian era? In my work, "The Broad Stone of Empire," published two years ago, I summed up a record of my experience in these terms:—

"It was natural that in the Crown Colonies the deterrent theory of punishment should have survived the days of slavery, and the use of the lash resorted to with frequency and severity. My influence has always been exercised in limiting the use of the lash, as well generally, as in offences against prison discipline. It was a subject to which Mr. Chamberlain drew much attention, and I am sorry to observe that there seems to be in some Crown Colonies a reaction against his views."

THE NATION has shown conclusively that the area of reaction is not limited to the Crown Colonies, but has reached the heart of the Empire. The reactionaries have, of course, revived all the old arguments that have survived the resistance of modern opinion and the modern conscience of humanity. They are met, however, by a formidable difficulty. The modern conscience has withdrawn womanhood from the sphere of operation of the lash, and the reaction has not ventured to advise the flogging of women engaged in the White Slave Traffic, although it is certain that without their active participation the traffic could not exist. There is nothing new in the White Slave Traffic, except the ingenuity with which it has adapted itself to modern

uses, and in old days malefactors and victims were scourged impartially, in accordance with the practically universal belief which found in the lash the beneficent instrument of three agencies—an informative agency, a deterrent agency, and an economical administrative agency. It may be instructive to consider whether the test of experience, say, during the last two centuries, has justified the old faith in the efficacy of these agencies.

As an informative agency, the rod has been held to be of particular efficacy in driving Latin and Greek into school-boys. Edward Gibbon, the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," relates how, "by the common methods of discipline, at the expense of many tears and some blood," he "purchased the knowledge of the Latin Syntax." At the same time, he complains that "the student who possesses the sense and spirit of the classics may offend, by a false quantity, the scrupulous ear of a well-flogged critic," and so be subjected to the common method of discipline. A century later the area of operation of the rod at Eton was extended to larger uses. "What you want is a pure heart, and that I mean to flog into you," a great exponent of the use of the instrument admonished a young culprit guilty of a school offence. A number of reminiscences of Eton life have been published during the last few years, all dealing with the frequency and severity of the use of the rod in old days. But would any Etonian of the present day admit that the limitation of the use of the instrument has resulted in an inferior understanding of the spirit and sense of the classics, or a lower standard of school morality?

Now, as to the deterrent agency of flogging. The latest addition to the Wellington bibliography reminds us that in his campaigns soldiers were frequently sentenced to a hundred, five hundred, and even a thousand lashes. The same methods of discipline were exercised with equal frequency and severity in the Navy. The severity of the exercise in the Crimean campaign led to the general abolition of corporal punishment in the naval and military services. But would any officer of either service admit that the standard of discipline and morality is lower than it was in the days of Wellington and Nelson?

And, lastly, in respect of the use of corporal punishment as a cheap administrative agency. During my period of service as Colonial Governor, Mr. Chamberlain was unremitting in calling attention to the necessity of substituting for the use of the lash—for the maintenance of prison discipline—an organised system of administration, carried out by trained and experienced warders. In a circular despatch, he especially urged "that if flogging becomes the rule and not the exception, there is apt to grow up a perverted public opinion, satisfied with keeping order by the lash, as being an apparently effective and inexpensive method of enforcing discipline." Would any expert in prison discipline now dispute the wisdom of Mr. Chamberlain's instructions?

I shall be grateful if I am allowed an opportunity to support THE NATION's campaign against the flogging craze.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES BRUCE.

Arnot Tower, Leslie, Fife.
December 16th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After the lapse of nearly half a century, the present Government has promoted legislation authorising the use of the "cat" as a punishment for crime. The approval accorded to such legislation by two Bishops will not excite surprise in any student of history, but those who welcome this new departure in our penal system point, naturally enough, to the fact that the Ministry number in their ranks quite a large proportion of professional lawyers. It must be allowed that the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, the Secretary for Ireland, the Law Officers of the Crown, and the Home Secretary have all been called to the Bar; and, indeed, a more careful examination of older editions of the "Law List" would probably reveal the presence, in the Government, of other gentlemen who can claim the like distinction. Yet

"Brave men were living before Agamemnon,"
and there were great lawyers before Mr. McKenna.

In matters of criminal law administration, the most deservedly distinguished judge of our time was the late Lord Brampton, better known as Mr. Justice Hawkins. During

the thirty years or more in which he practised at the Bar, the cases in which he was engaged outnumbered, by perhaps a hundredfold, the aggregate of the cases in which members of the Ministry have been, at any time, concerned. The reference is, of course, to criminal trials. His experience on the Bench, as presiding judge in cases of serious crime, extended over a period of more than twenty years, and is probably unrivalled in the annals of the judiciary. While justly accounted the terror of evil-doers, Mr. Justice Hawkins was generally regarded as being, in such matters, the greatest of our judges.

Writing of men who had suffered the lash, he said: "The punishment itself is so degrading and demoralising that it tends to destroy what little self-respect, if any, is left in them, and renders them more brutal and savage. Besides this, it is a species of torture which humane legislators have been gradually endeavoring to abolish everywhere; and it is not necessary. My chief objection, however, is that the punishment is brutal and degrading to the criminal, and (though, perhaps, in a less degree) degrading to the officer called upon to inflict it. Very soon after I became a Judge I abstained from applying it; and, in all cases where my attention was attracted to the especial brutality of any particular case, I felt it was preferable to add a longer term of imprisonment." But, whether the learned Judge was right or wrong, what is to be the next move? We were told insistently that one great object of the newly-constituted Court of Criminal Appeal was to secure equality and uniformity of punishment. Under the latest piece of legislation, a man who tries, without success, to induce a woman of thirty-five to lead an immoral life may be flogged with the "cat," although he may never before have been charged with any offence whatsoever. But not a single stroke of the smallest birch-rod may light on the back of the hardened criminal who fells with his fist a girl of fifteen, and outrages her in such circumstances of violence and terror as to cause permanent derangement of her mind.—Yours, &c.,

A COUNTY MAGISTRATE.

December 18th, 1912.

THE ATTACK ON VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Those of your readers who are following the course of events in Australia and New Zealand will be aware of the agitation which is on foot to secure the insertion of a conscience clause in the Compulsory Military Training Act which recently came into force in both countries. The movement seems to be meeting with a good deal of acceptance all over the Australasian area, and particularly so in South Australia. The papers to hand from Adelaide inform us that a great public meeting to demand the insertion of a Conscience Clause in the Act was held recently in the Town Hall, Adelaide, with the Mayor in the chair. It was a town's meeting, and the military party, by advertising in the newspapers, had made special effort to bring up all their supporters. A resolution denouncing the compulsory clauses of the Act and pledging the meeting to work for their repeal was submitted by Mr. G. F. Hills, M.A., who stated that out of 43,000 householders who were called upon to enrol their boys of fourteen years of age for military training, over 9,000 had rendered themselves liable to prosecution for having disobeyed the summons. An amendment to the resolution was moved by the military party, supporting the Government and in favor of the Act, but, as the newspaper report shows, it met with very scanty support, and the resolution itself was carried "by a very large majority."

Mr. Hills, who is a Quaker by religious profession and a Conservative in politics, now writes me to say that the success or otherwise of their campaign depends largely upon the amount of funds which they will have at their disposal during the next few months. A number of well-to-do friends in this country have already sent handsome subscriptions for the specific purpose of conducting a general campaign for an anti-militarist, peace propaganda on religious lines. This money, however, is not available for the work of the new Freedom League with its specific objective of securing an amendment of the Military Training Act by the insertion of a Conscience Clause. Mr. Hills and those who are working with him are in complete accord with the broader move-

ment, but they realise that whilst that may take years of effort to bring to a successful issue, prompt and energetic action at once will probably result in carrying the Conscience Clause. The League is desirous of extending its campaign into other States, and this means money. May I suggest, therefore, that those who feel in sympathy with this movement, and are in a position to render financial aid, should do so promptly? The agitation for compulsory military training is being pushed vigorously just now in Great Britain, and the example of Australia is being pointed to as a reason why the working class movement here should support the National Service League. If we can assist those who are fighting compulsion in Australia to win success there, the precedent thus secured will be of great value when we are brought face to face with actual Parliamentary proposals for compulsory military service here at home—as I fear we shall be in the not very distant future—and, therefore, by aiding the friends of freedom in Australia we are also fighting our own battle, and making the task of the militarists more difficult.

The Secretary of the League, to whom subscriptions may be sent, is John W. Barry, Organising Secretary, Freedom League, Box 615, G.P.O., Adelaide, South Australia.

Praying for the insertion of this appeal in your columns, and trusting it will meet with a generous response.—Yours, &c.,

J. KEIR HARDIE.

House of Commons, S.W.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is certain that should Lord Roberts and the National Service League prevail on Parliament to pass their Compulsory Service Bill, or graft Conscription on the Territorial Act by amendment, not one single meeting of the kind this League now encourages will be permitted to be held within the confines of the three kingdoms, but all attempts to reintroduce voluntary service will be held to be disloyal, unpatriotic, and not a single officer or man will be permitted either to attend a meeting or write to the papers either under his own or an assumed name without running the risk of the severest punishment if he is traced. King's Regulations will be appealed to—the same regulations which are even now in full force, but are disregarded right and left by these patriotic gentlemen. It is difficult with patience to discuss the question under such circumstances, for the Territorial Act was passed by Parliament and received the Royal Assent just as Lord Roberts hopes to get his Bill through and get it signed by the King; then why are these soldiers who are thought to be trained in a school of severe discipline to be allowed to play ducks and drakes with the country's laws?

It is certain that should Lord Roberts have his way, not a single voluntary officer will be enrolled. From the commander down to the sergeant all will be on full pay. The present suggestion, for it is nothing more, is, as you, sir, pointed out, that only the subalterns will be true territorials in that they will not be on the list of full pay. But it passes the wit of men to detect a method by which these gentlemen can be attracted to undergo very arduous duties, the more arduous as they will have the immediate training of large masses of unwilling recruits and one, two, and three year soldiers, few if any of them soldiers for the love of it.

It is certain that after the first year of trial it will be discovered that the four months for infantry and the six months for the scientific arms are too few to make a soldier who can stand up on level terms against a German or French conscript; the period must be lengthened. It is lengthened, but it is still too short, as the Continental period does not make a fully trained soldier, whatever may be said—and I am supported by the military correspondent of the "Times." It is again lengthened, and the country finds that it is in full cry for conscription. The real rulers of the country are the soldiers again, as in Napoleonic times, and commerce and the rest will toe the line to their orders. Let this be borne in mind when Lord Roberts and his friends make their speeches, and a new light will fall upon their pretended love of the Territorials and their fear of invasion—these soldiers who should be afraid of nothing, like Nelson who never engaged an inferior force. They love the Terri-

torial skeleton which they would clothe with unwilling men whom they would coerce into doing their will, with no power left to remonstrate. They have deliberately introduced a canker into the force which is eating into its vitality. This canker was prepared before the Territorial Act was thought of—it was to be applied to the Volunteer system had not the Liberal Party intervened with Army Reform.

It is certain that Lord Haldane undid much of his great reforming work when he weakly allowed the system of County Associations to be the arbiters of the destiny of the new force. This weakness on his part—remonstrated against time after time—extended itself to the operations of the National Service League, whom he dealt with much too tenderly. Men with any sense of patriotism would not have taken advantage of this generous treatment to push their opposition. He knew—for he was told by many men who were behind the scenes—what the end would be, but he went smiling on his way, and now his successor is reaping the tares he permitted to be sown.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD, Lieut.-Col. (retired).
Blundellsands, December 14th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Those who favor conscription never argue the point as to whether or not conscription is necessary to get a large army. They always beg the question. And yet everybody knows that a large army can be got without conscription. It is merely a question of the wages to be paid, either to the men of a standing army or to the men of a volunteer force. Also, they never seem to consider whether or not it is worth the while of an ordinary citizen to have conscription. The idea seems to be that we must defend ourselves against some foreign conqueror—in this particular case, Germany—at any cost. But surely, to defend ourselves against Germany is not worth more than a moderate price. In what respect are the subjects of the German Emperor worse off than the subjects of the English King? At the present time, in two important respects. In England we have Free Trade, and freedom from conscription. But when the Tariffers get into power, then we shall have lost Free Trade; and if those who are in favor of compulsory service get into power, then we shall have conscription; therefore, we shall have given away the only two points in which we are materially better off than the Germans. Personally, I would sooner take the risk of a conquest by Germany than sacrifice all the advantages of our present insular position for nothing but the advantage of paying extra taxes.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.
December 17th, 1912.

BIRMINGHAM BUTTON-CARDERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—How fatally easy it is to forget unpleasant facts—to ignore uncomfortable conclusions! A paragraph in your "Wayfarer's Diary" last week quotes, as if it was something new, a statement from the "Labor Leader" about the payment of the button-carders of Birmingham. The same fact, with others like it, is given in "Women's Work and Wages," an examination of the conditions of female labor in Birmingham, by Messrs. Cadbury and Shann and Miss Matheson, first published in 1906, and reprinted several times since that date. They tell us, further: "With constant work, the button-carders we investigated seem to earn an average of 5s. 3d. a week." "The payment for linen buttons is from 2s. 9d. to 4s. 2d. per 100 gross, and a quick worker can card four gross (i.e., 576!!!) in an hour, earning approximately 1½d. an hour." "Safety-pins are also carded by the very poor . . . payment varies . . . on an average, 580 pins must be put in for 1d." "One finds similar unexpected work, such as putting curtain-hooks on pins at 2s. 6d. per cwt., at which one can earn 5s. a week by sitting all day—'sitting all day' means working from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., when not absolutely prevented by household interruptions."

It would be a great satisfaction if some one well acquainted with Birmingham life could assure us that the

commercial prosperity of the last six years had brought even a slight measure of relief to out-workers of this description.—Yours, &c.,

C. S.

Speen, Newbury.

December 18th, 1912.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I hope that the letter of an "Old Etonian," in your last issue, will have found many readers, for he evidently knows more about "public schools" than the majority of those who undertake to write about them. His letter is true from beginning to end; and how true only those can know who have spent their lives in actual work in public schools. He touches on the shallowness of the "superficial strictures on the public schools of to-day," which proceed from the pens of ignorant and often prejudiced critics; on the "enormous strides" in curriculum and method, which are, as a rule, persistently ignored by these critics; and on the "continuous efforts" made to interest boys in social questions. But in the last half of his letter he points out the real crux of the whole problem: how the efforts of the school are, in too many cases, thwarted by the influence of the home. Money-making, pleasure, luxury (or, at any rate, comfort), the enjoyment of "a good time"—these are the household gods; social service, unselfish ideals, intellectual effort, are "damned with faint praise," if not openly contemned. Against all this the efforts of the schoolmaster to inculcate lessons of simplicity and responsibility are too often vain. One is almost tempted to long for a return of the old days when school-life was broken up into two half-years, instead of three terms, and the demoralising influence proportionately lessened. This may sound exaggerated; and, fortunately for England, it is not true of a very large number of homes; but it is true that in all classes—upper and lower alike—there is a tendency among parents, not only to throw on to the school the whole of the responsibility which ought to be shared by the home, but even to show some reluctance to co-operate with the schoolmaster in his attempts to enforce lessons of discipline and self-denial.—Yours, &c.,

JAM RUDE DONATUS.

December 17th, 1912.

P.S.—May I recommend the critics of our schools to read the last part of the article on the "Alleged Decadence of Britain" in the "Saturday Westminster" of December 14th?

WHO WAS DATCHERY?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "CaO.," is quite right; we have had no practical experience in preserving bodies, or in disposing of them; and we thought it quite possible that a person fully clothed in winter garments, with his face covered with a thick silk scarf, might be thrown on to a mass of quicklime, and, if removed again immediately, not be fatally injured, only disfigured. We submit that Charles Dickens had no such practical experience either, and that he also may have thought it quite possible for Edwin to survive.

We should "blush and retire" if we were capable of it, at confessing that we are not acquainted with Auenbrugger; but we can see no reason why Durdles should not hear the sound denoting unusual "solid in hollow" in the pauses of the worst storm that ever raged. Why should the appearance of Datchery in Cloisterham immediately after the disappearance of Edwin Drood have excited suspicion? The "idle dog living on his means" would have had no more apparent connection with the affair than he had six months later.

The point made by your other correspondent, "M. H.," that Datchery loses his way between his hotel and the cathedral, does not seem to us conclusive. The "Crozier" is "an hotel of a most retiring disposition," and Edwin may really have lost his way to begin with, and then taken advantage of the occurrence to get into useful relations with Deputy; or he may have thought it wiser not to seem to know his way; he was posing as a complete stranger, and could hardly

have been quite "by himself" and unnoticed in the Cloister-ham streets.

Not to trespass further on your space, sir, may we say in conclusion that, some time ago, "we had enlarged our minds, we will not say up to what they are now, for that might seem to aim at too much, but up to the pitch" of believing Datchery to be Bazzard; but now we feel morally certain—even, like justice, "immorally certain"—that he is Edwin.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. TAIT.
M. F. B. CULLEN.

10, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead.
December 16th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To one as much accustomed as I am to the use of quicklime for the destruction of bodies (of slugs), the theories of H. C. Tait do not present the "grave chemical difficulties" referred to by your learned correspondent, "CaO."

The lime heap shown to Jasper by Durdles on a Monday may have been half, or wholly, slaked by the workmen, and Jasper did not attempt to murder Edwin till the following Saturday. Lime left in the open would undoubtedly lose power. One is quite justified in supposing that Dickens knew more about lime than Jasper did, who probably acted on the very limited information hurled at him by Durdles. I think I am right in saying that fresh lime needs water to quicken it, and Durdles makes no mention of water. Nor do we know that the lime was fresh on that Monday.—Yours, &c.,

SORELLA.

December 16th, 1912.

WOMEN'S WAGES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Knight's letter referring to "Mr. Frank Marshall's observations," &c., must be my excuse for addressing you once more on the above subject.

I was not unmindful of the tips he refers to. The large dividend companies to which my observations were, not for first time, directed, *do not allow gratuities* to be taken. Indeed it is a feature of their system. Dépôt-boxes are placed in each of the shops, it is true, and there are customers, doubtless, who occasionally drop in a copper or two; but this is the exception and not the rule. But, of course, the point is: How much do the girls receive between them when the amount in the box is doled out? Shall I tell you? It is so trifling that it need not be considered. I have more than once gone fully into the matter myself. The girls' wages are 5s. to 9s. per week, and upon this they are lucky if they get, say, 5s. per month from the dépôt-box division.

Threepence per day has to be paid for dinners in advance; dress, caps, cuffs, and collars have all to be purchased from the company, and the company will take a weekly instalment if the girl is unable to pay for the whole of the things right out. Upon this there are the breakages to be paid for as well.

The condition of men's service is quite another matter, and dealt with differently. I will, on another occasion, let you know my experience of this ever since one of the largest and oldest caterers was established.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK MARSHALL.

St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C.
December 16th, 1912.

"A QUEEN READY-MADE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely the Princess Victoria would have drawn her "giving on" idiom—and very picturesque and expressive it is—from France, and not from America?

It is, of course, one of the most frequent and versatile French idioms. Here, for example, I light by accident on a parallel to the one quoted. Erckmann-Chatrion: "His-

toire d'un Conscrit," ch. IV., page 49, of Mdlle. Louise's "Hautes fenêtres," "donnant sur la cour."—Yours, &c.,

JOHN J. PAYNTER.

Oswestry, December 14th, 1912.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S THANKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I ask you to permit me to express, through your columns, my heartiest thanks to all those societies, groups, and individual friends in this country who have greeted me so friendly and warmly on the occasion of my seventieth birthday?

In the address presented to me by friends in Great Britain and Ireland it is mentioned that my work has contributed, in some degree, to the extension of some branches of knowledge. I feel it a most pleasant obligation to acknowledge that if this is the case, it was because I found in this country for the last twenty-six years a refuge where I could carry on my work without any outside interference and hindrance, but on the contrary, with the moral support of numerous friends and sympathisers; while in the recent economical and political life of the country I had the opportunity to see at work so many new elements of the constructive genius on the basis of the voluntary principle, that they revealed to me the immense importance of this principle in the evolution of all the civilised nations.

Once more, sir, permit me to express my deep feelings of gratitude.—Yours, &c.,

P. KROPOTKIN.

Brighton, December 16th, 1912.

Poetry.

BETHLEHEM.

I.

LONG ago and long ago,
In the dark days of the earth,
Came a little child to birth.
Gentler did his mother find
Patient beasts than human kind,
And travailed so.

In the long unfriended night
All the sweet and friendly hay
Breathed a summer where she lay;
Through the broken roof the stars
Showed her, as through prison bars,
Gentle light.

II.

Mother Mary, take thy rest
With thy baby at thy breast,
Happy thou who canst not see
That so tender bud of thee
Scourged, and bruised, and crowned with thorn,
Crucified in agony,
Mocked, forsaken, and forlorn,
Hanging on the bitter tree.
(Keep, ah! keep from child of mine
Such a lot as fell to thine!)

Weep not, Mary, lift thy head,
Christ, thy darling, is not dead.
He so underfoot was trod,
He so in the mire was pressed,
That small feet might walk clean shod
To the kingdom of the blest.
All the joys thou gavest him,
In the manger, warm and dim,
He at last will give again
To the little ones of men.
(Love without grieving,
Wealth without thieving,
This world in laughter,
Paradise after.)

III.

Mary under her blue shawl
Singeth in the ox's stall.

SYLVIA LYND.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Four Stages of Greek Religion." By Gilbert Murray. (Frowde. 6s. net.)
 "The River of London." By Hilaire Belloc. (Foulis. 5s. net.)
 "Canute the Great." By L. M. Larson. "Heroes of the Nations Series." (Putnam. 5s. net.)
 "General Booth." By G. S. Railton. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Deborah: A Play in Three Acts." By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Joséphine de Savoie, Comtesse de Provence (1753-1810)." Par le Vicomte de Reiset. (Paris: Paul. 40 fr.)
 "Filles de la Pluie." Roman. Par André Savignon. (Paris: Grasset. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Der Warenhauskönig." Roman. Von Max Freund. (Barmen: Eas Verlag. M. 4.)

Most bookmen share Lamb's prejudice against those "things in books' clothing" which make their appearance in large numbers towards the end of each year, and are classed by librarians as "year-books" or "directories." We doubt, however, whether even Lamb would not welcome "Books that Count: A Dictionary of Standard Books," edited by Mr. W. Forbes Gray, and published last week by Messrs. Black. Its object is to enable the ordinary reader quickly to ascertain the aim and scope of those books "which treat their subjects on broad lines, and in point of knowledge, research, and reflection approximate to standard value." With the exception of outstanding foreign books of which good translations exist, only English works are included, and these have been limited to such as "are thoroughly modern in aim and outlook, easily accessible, and purchasable at a moderate price." The survey embraces some 5,500 books, and the work is so thoroughly up to date that details are given of several volumes published as recently as last October.

HAVING said so much about the scope of the work, we must congratulate Mr. Gray on the way in which he has performed an exceedingly difficult task. The arrangement is excellent, and the descriptive notes enable a reader to decide whether any given work is suited to his purpose, and to form some notion of its contents. This latter is a specially useful feature, for most books of the type—Mr. J. M. Robertson's "Courses of Study" is a notable exception—content themselves with a bare enumeration of titles, authors, and publishers. In "Books that Count" there is a short description of every book noticed, together with such bibliographical details as the size, the number of pages, the publisher's name, the price, and the date of issue. In short, the work is a marvel of compressed information, and is in every way the best handy guide-book to books with which we are acquainted.

BUT, as in an anthology, so in a book of this type, most readers will find what they regard as faults either of omission or commission, and there are some of these in "Books that Count" to which we would direct the editor's attention. We do this, not from any wish to carp at what is on the whole a most successful undertaking, but in the hope that the usefulness of the work may be enhanced in succeeding issues. In the first place, while there is a good system of cross-references between the headings "Biography" and "Literature," there is no mention under either of the standard edition of Pope's works by Elwin and Courthope, and we are told that "there is no definitive or complete biography of Pope," though that edition contains Professor Courthope's standard "Life," while "George Paston's" "Mr. Pope: His Life and Times" is another biography that deserves mention. Under "William Pitt," we are referred to the "Lives" by Lord Rosebery and Mr. Whibley, but there is no mention of Dr. Holland Rose's "William Pitt and the National Revival" or "William Pitt and the Great War," two books that make up the best and fullest biography of Pitt that we possess. The only biography of Chaucer recommended is that by Dr. Ward in the "English Men of Letters" series, though Mr. G. G.

Coulton's "Chaucer and His England" is an excellent work which ought not to have been overlooked. We also observe that the same author's "From St. Francis to Dante" is not noticed anywhere in the book.

THERE are only four biographies of Napoleon, and these do not include the short "Life" by Professor R. M. Johnston, a work admirably suited to the general reader. For Rousseau we are given a choice of the "Lives" by Lord Morley and Mr. H. G. Graham, with no mention of the book in which Mrs. Frederika Macdonald has made additions of so much value to our knowledge of Rousseau. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas" is included, though it is out of print, and the much better book by Mr. A. F. Davidson is omitted. Mr. S. G. Tallentyre's biography of Mirabeau is described as "the most exhaustive account of Mirabeau in English," but, though an excellent work, it must yield to Professor Flinck's "Mirabeau and the French Revolution" which is now in progress. Sir George Trevelyan's and Mr. Wakeman's biographies of Charles James Fox are both given, but not Mr. J. L. Hammond's book on the same subject, nor do we find Mr. H. W. Temperley's "Life of Canning." We have also noticed several other biographies that ought to have been inserted, the "Life and Letters of John Lingard," by Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney, being one of the most notable. Surely this is a more important book than Mr. Harry Raymond's "Memoir of Barney Barnato," and, unlike the latter work, it is not out of print.

UNDER "History" the most serious omission is that of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's "The Village Laborer (1760-1832)," a work which has been generally acknowledged to be one of the best recent contributions to our history. Wyon's "History of Great Britain under the Reign of Queen Anne" and Mr. Herbert Paul's book on the same subject are also absent, and so is Professor A. J. Grant's useful volume on "English Historians." M. Aulard's "The French Revolution: a Political History" and Thiers's work, both of which are accessible in English translations, ought to have been given instead of two rather poor books by Alger, and we have seen no reference to the "Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris." A rapid glance at the list of books on philosophy shows the absence of Caird's "The Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant," Harriet Martineau's translation of "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte," as well as other books of importance. In "Theology" we miss Principal Tulloch's "Rational Theology in England in the Seventeenth Century," Dr. Salmon's "Introduction to the New Testament," and Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought," all three works of more significance and of greater present value than many of those that have been included.

By far the worst omission among the books dealing with literature is that of Professor W. J. Courthope's "History of English Poetry." Possibly this, as well as Professor Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," may have been deemed by the editor to be too long for inclusion, though they are not on a larger scale than "The Cambridge History of English Literature" which finds a place. A still stranger omission from this section is that of Synge, whose name appears nowhere in the volume. The lists of collected essays do not include those of Mr. Austin Dobson, the seven volumes of "Shelburne Essays" by Mr. Paul Elmore More, or Mr. J. M. Robertson's notable "Essays Towards a Critical Method." The section on French literature is one of the poorest in the book. Space is given to such writers as Georges Ohnet and Eugène Sue, while Mr. Arthur Tilley's standard work on "The Literature of the French Renaissance" and the same author's "From Montaigne to Molière" are both omitted. We miss also any reference to Mr. George Wyndham's "Ronsard and La Pléiade," or to Villon, one of the few French poets who has something of a vogue in this country. To end our list of faults—and we repeat that the defects in "Books that Count" are far more than outweighed by its merits—President Lawrence Lowell's "The Government of England" has, by a strange oversight, been omitted from the list of books dealing with the British Constitution.

Reviews.

ITALY TO-DAY.

"United Italy." By F. M. UNDERWOOD. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

IF the English or American traveller in Italy, ignorant or contemptuous of her modern history, and solely interested in that classic land as a museum of antiquities and gallery of Old Masters, is not educated to better things, it will not be for lack of material for his instruction, for no fewer than three books on modern Italy have seen the light during the current year. Of these, the latest and most important is before us. It is, however, a melancholy reflection that decades of patient industrial effort, of economic progress, and of financial recuperation have failed to effect what has been achieved in a few months by a wanton, aggressive war on a people whose chief offence was that they were believed to offer an easy prey: even the most indifferent foreigner has at length been awakened to the fact that the kingdom of modern Italy is a force to be reckoned with in European affairs.

In a series of well-written studies, Mr. Underwood has briefly sketched for us the story of the Unification of Italy, the throes of her birth, her trials and defeats, and, more fully, her stormy and not very edifying political history since 1870; her foreign and colonial policy; the unsolved problem of the existence of two mutually hostile Powers, sacerdotal and secular, at Rome; the economic disparity between north and south; the Camorra, Mafia, and other secret criminal societies; emigration; the growth of Socialism; the enlightened and strenuous rule of her present king—most democratic and exemplary of contemporary sovereigns; the careers of her leading statesmen; her poets and novelists; architects, painters, and sculptors; composers and scientists, the whole inspired with that most essential of qualities for a task of this nature—a genuine sympathy with, and admiration for, the Italian people. A profounder insight into the peculiar psychology of the race would, however, have conduced in some cases to a more balanced judgment of men and things. For your Italian has not that cold-blooded attitude towards facts which characterises our Northern folk. The hot sun and a sense of his classic past engender an exuberance of imagination and a magniloquence of expression which have to be severely chastened before they are set down in cold print for matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon readers. If he has a small shop to dispose of, the Italian will placard the front with the legend, *Fasto Locale* to let, and, by the way, he will affix a revenue stamp on every bill he exhibits; if his armies attack the Turco-Arabian foe in North Africa they descend into the Valley of Death, and, after hours of fierce conflict, return with a loss of a score killed. The Imperial Guards at Waterloo shouted: "The Guards die but never surrender": even so our Bersaglieri, hard pressed and commanded to yield, answer: "Bersaglieri never surrender." A few torpedo boats make a daring reconnaissance up the Dardanelles; the dashing heroes return (unhurt); they are hailed greater than Achilles, and a modern Homer shall, in days to come, sing of their prowess. If he undertakes to build an aqueduct, it shall be a colossal work, worthy of the ancient Romans. Two Italianised English residents write an *ex parte* defence of the conduct of the war in Tripoli, based on censored information from Italian sources—and Mr. Underwood follows their example—it proves that English pride has humbled itself before Italy and craved pardon for having defamed her for unavowable (*inconfessabili*) motives. The conversion of the National Debt in 1906, which raised scarcely a ripple on the surface of the European money markets, and which Professor Nitti, an economist of world-wide fame, characterises as a very simple and modest affair, is hailed as one of the most grandiose facts of the risorgimento; after the Conversion Act is passed, Deputies in the Chamber fall in ecstasy on each other's necks and shed copious tears of joy. These and other exuberances are but pretty Fanny's way, and should be liberally discounted by the student of Italian history.

While we welcome this volume as a valuable contribution to a better appreciation of the remarkable achievements

of a quick-witted, laborious, and progressive race, some defects of detail are to be deplored, and a not infrequent vagueness and inaccuracy in the treatment of figures. In dealing with statistics, dates are all important, and such phrases as "lately," "already," "now," betray a regrettable lack of precision. On page 199, State expenditure is said to have been "lately" £88,640,000, and an accumulation of £20,000,000 made it "possible to fight Turkey for the occupation of Tripoli without imposing special taxes or having recourse to a war." But the statistics, officially recorded in the last published "Annuario Statistico," that for 1911, show a State expenditure, for the financial years 1909-10 and 1910-11, of over £102,000,000 and £110,000,000 respectively, with surpluses of over two and three millions; according to the last semi-official estimate (September, 1912) the total cost of the war, up to date, was £16,120,000, and the surpluses applied to meet that expenditure amounted to £4,880,000, the remainder to be paid by the estimated surpluses of the next six years. The conversion of the State Consols, in 1906, is said to have been from a 5 to a 3½ per cent. stock (p. 135): actually, the net interest on Italian Consols at par, from 1894 to the date of conversion, was only 4 per cent. The extended franchise of 1882, on which the Socialist, Andrea Costa, was returned to Parliament, so far from being "practically universal" (p. 155), was a very restricted one, and only admitted 7·6 per cent. of the population to vote. It was the Reform Bill of this year which, qualifying as it does about 20 per cent. of the population, practically introduced *manhood* suffrage into Italy and raised the electorate from less than 3,000,000 to nearly 8,000,000. "White coal," or hydraulic power, is said (p. 202) to be "already" used to the extent of nearly 2,000,000 h.p.: actually, according to the latest official figures ("Annuario," 1911), the utilisation of hydraulic power, at the end of 1908, was represented by 720,000 h.p., and a further official estimate gives an approximate figure of 762,000 h.p. in use at the end of 1910. Deaths from tuberculosis are said "now" to have gone down from 2·13 to about 1·50 per 1,000, and from smallpox deaths are "now" reduced to about 500; but the latest mortality tables published in the "Annuario" show a remarkable rise in deaths from smallpox, 169 in 1906 to 758 in 1909, i.e., from 0·5 to 2·2 per 100,000 population, and from pulmonary tuberculosis fatal cases have risen from 101·5 to 106 per 100,000 during the same period. English tourists in Italy who "undoubtedly remember" gaining 5s. in the pound sterling on exchange (p. 201), must have very long or very defective memories. The highest average premium on English gold during any one of the past forty-two years was paid in 1873, when the exchange stood at 28·62, a premium of 2s. 10d. Financiers who cannot have forgotten Italian Consols at 40, with net interest of 5 per cent. (p. 202), must possess equally long memories, or be singularly unfit for their profession. The lowest average price of Italian Consols during the past forty-two years, 68·84, was reached in 1871, and during the blackest hour of that historic year they never fell below 50·50. Moreover, the net interest has never been 5 per cent. since the end of 1870, the *gross* interest of 5 per cent. having been subjected to a fiscal charge of 13·20 per cent. between 1871 and 1894, when the deduction was raised to 20 per cent.

The expenditure for elementary education, £4,120,000, given on p. 207, obviously refers, not to the State Budget, but to the Communal and State expenditure combined. This, according to the last official returns (1909), amounted to £5,440,000, to which the State contributed only £588,000, although the estimates for 1910-11 provided for grants in aid a sum of £850,000. It is this shifting of the main burden of elementary education on the Communes which, as Mr. Underwood rightly shows, is mainly responsible for the deplorable extent of illiteracy in Italy, where, after half a century of nominally compulsory education, 50,000 classes are still needed to provide adequate facilities. Citations from the reports of Inspectors and other authorities given by Mr. Underwood present almost incredible details of the state of rural school buildings: schools in which children are so closely packed that they are unable to move their arms; others windowless, and lighted by holes in the roof, through which rain falls abundantly on the pupils, who are taught by rural mistresses of the third class at the munificent salary of £30 a year—and this in a country where wheaten

bread averages from 7d. to 9d. the 4-lb. loaf, and horseflesh is as dear as colonial beef and mutton in England. Even in the province of Lucca, only 20 out of 198 school buildings have been built for the purpose, and in Grosseto, water appears to be wanting in all the schools; both these provinces are in Tuscany. The tens of millions sterling freely squandered by the Treasury with the object of forcing an alien civilisation on hostile Arabs who hate and despise it, form a striking contrast with the niggard hand of the Education Department doling out its hundreds of thousands to retrieve the poor Italian peasant from the darkness of ignorance.

We do not share the author's admiration for Crispi. So far from possessing a "statesmanlike mind," that sinister personality showed few of the qualities of a statesman. Hot-headed, credulous and suspicious in turn, swayed by passion, unscrupulous as to means, intolerant of criticism, he, more than any other, was responsible for the last disastrous act in the miserable Abyssinian Campaign of 1896. Nothing in Crispi's career is more lamentable than the closing scene of his political life. After having goaded poor Baratieri to risk a battle (for party purposes at home), he, when the disaster of Adowa came, secretly destroyed or cooked every compromising document before he left the Foreign Office, and, when charged in the Chamber by Signor Sacchi with having demanded "an authentic victory" from Baratieri, shouted out, "It's an invention! It's a lie!" But Baratieri's friends and Crispi's enemies had succeeded in obtaining copies of the suppressed or cooked telegrams at the telegraph office at Malta, whence they had been retransmitted on their passage between Rome and Massowa. A second Green Book of 329 pages, supplementing the one doctored by Crispi before leaving office, was published, containing the suppressed or edited dispatches; and on p. 179 of the "Libro Verde," No. XXIII bis., may be read the following passage in a telegram to Baratieri from Rome, dated January 7th, 1896, and signed "Crispi": "*The country expects another victory, and I expect an authentic one.*" Mr. Underwood appears to doubt whether Baratieri knew of Crispi's secret appointment of a superior officer, which, together with Crispi's furious telegram of February 25th (also destroyed by him), designating the operations as *military phthisis*, precipitated the disaster of Adowa. The fact is beyond doubt. Signor Garlanda ("La Terza Italia," p. 141) states that he knows, from an absolutely trustworthy source, that a copy of a telegram from the War Minister at Rome was found in the telegraph office at Massowa, notifying the despatch of a new division, and implying, as a necessary consequence, Baratieri's deposition from the office of Commander-in-Chief.

A grave injustice has been done—we are sure unintentionally—by the author to Signor Bissolati, whom he rightly designates one of the best-balanced and most statesmanlike minds in the Socialist party. Bissolati is stated (p. 147) to have stood up during the stormy sitting of the Chamber (April 3rd, 1900), "shaking his fist, and shouting three times, 'Death to the King!'" . . . Three months later King Humbert was killed at Monza by the anarchist Bresci. The present writer, who was at Rome during this critical period of Italian history, and was in personal relation with Signor Bissolati, is in a position to give an unqualified denial to this statement. The King's prerogative having been used by reactionary politicians to violate the Constitution and the rules of the House, Bissolati, stung by the use of the King's name, shouted, not thrice, but once, "*Abasso il Re!*" (Down with the King)—a very different cry, without any sinister implication, and commonly used in Latin countries to express political hostility. The act of Bresci was the act of a crazy fanatic who learned his crude anarchism in America, and had no relation to the scene in the Chamber. The greater part of the Socialists cannot be said to have been in favor of the war with Turkey (p. 167), for, as a note informs us (p. 168), Bissolati and his friends were expelled from the Socialist Party by an overwhelming majority for having been guilty of supporting the Government in the war.

Apart from defects such as these, which a more careful study of authorities would have obviated, Mr. Underwood has produced a highly interesting and informing volume. Amazing disclosures are given of the intimate relations between members of Italian Governments, of noble families

enjoying Royal friendship, and notorious criminal chiefs of the Camorra and the Mafia; the inclusion by their influence on the electoral lists of thousands who had no right to vote—thieves, bankrupts, forgers, swindlers, murderers among them. We wish we could share Mr. Underwood's belief that the Camorra trial at Viterbo has struck the death-blow to that criminal association. Such is not the belief of responsible journalists in Italy. They deplore the fact that the Camorra reigns almost as supreme as ever at Naples, and even the ultra-patriotic and imperialist "*Corriere della Sera*" laments that secret societies are still exploited for securing the return of Ministerial candidates at elections, and are patronised by Members of Parliament. Piquant details are also given of exalted personages. We are permitted to behold the Imperial Master of Legions and upholder of the mailed fist, a nervous mortal, dropping from his trembling hand, as he approaches the venerable Leo XIII., the gold snuff-box he had brought as a present, and letting his magnificent helmet fall when he enters the presence.

Referring to the chapter on Modern Italian Literature, we could wish that less space had been given to the loathsome and meretricious productions of the author who calls himself "*Gabriel of the Annunciation*," and more to the noble and exalted muse of the tenderest and sweetest of modern Italian singers, Giovanni Pascoli. More than one other volume has come from the pen of the poetess Ada Negri since her marriage; in addition to "*Maternità*," she has published (1910) "*Dal Profondo*." It might also be noticed that, as a set-off to the up-keep of the National Art Galleries and Museums, the Italian Government makes about £40,000 a year from the public in entrance fees. The famous words referred to on page 25 should be "*L'Italia farà*" (not *fa*) *da sé*.

WELLINGTON ON HIS MEN.

"*Wellington's Army (1809-1814).*" By C. W. C. OMAN.
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THIS work might be termed "Chips from a Peninsular Workshop." Students of history have watched with keen interest the progress of Professor Oman's great work on the Peninsular War, which last year reached its fourth volume. That study is so minute and thorough (albeit by no means lacking in breadth) as to open up many veins of research which could not possibly be worked without interrupting the continuity of the narrative. It was, therefore, a happy thought to exploit these side lodes and bring the outcome to the surface. Hence this volume, which is a model of what such a *pargeron* should be.

It deals not only with what the French call the *personnel* and the *matériel* of the Peninsular Army, but also with the mechanism which kept it going. Considering that some of the topics are of a technical nature, the narrative runs with remarkable ease; and there are few pages which will fail to interest the general reader. Every intelligent person must wish to know how an army is fed, is quartered, regulates its marches, minimises the losses due to straggling, and prepares to fight; also what formation best conduces to victory at the crisis up to which the preparatory movements ultimately lead. These questions Professor Oman answers in clear and non-professional language. He has the advantage of dealing with a comparatively small army; for Wellington's forces rarely mustered 40,000 strong before 1813. Therefore, their units possessed an individuality which necessarily is lacking in the enormous hosts of to-day. Further, the author succeeds in investing with interest the subject of the effectiveness of the line formation as against that of the column, by reviewing rapidly the development of tactics, from the days of Frederick the Great up to the year of Waterloo. In the former age, of course, the long, continuous, rigid line of battle was the almost unfailing rule, modified by Frederick at Rossbach, Leuthen, and Torgau, but only for special reasons. Line met line almost as regularly on land as was the case in sea-fights. The French revolutionary generals, as is here shown, adopted the column, because of the inability of their untrained troops to meet the disciplined but smaller arrays opposed to them. Professor Oman

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exaggerates when he dismisses this "improvised system" as "a brutal and wasteful one." The French Republicans did not rely solely on weight of numbers. They were careful to screen the advance of their columns by a strong line of skirmishers, which perplexed the enemy and left him in doubt as to the place where the crushing blow would fall. Then, amidst the confusion caused by the constant bickering of skirmishers, came the impact of one or more exceptionally heavy columns, which, when helped by a heavy artillery fire, generally decided the day. To some extent, the Jacobin tacticians relied on the line as well as the column; and their tactics sufficed to end the day of the long cast-iron line. Napoleon continued to use the column with immense effect, alternating the columns with lines, and doubling the effect of the final blow by a concentrated artillery fire. It was this *ordre mixte* which Wellington generally had to meet; and he met it, not by trusting almost solely to the line, as in the former period, but by greatly strengthening the outer line of skirmishers. Thus, he adopted and developed one of the chief innovations of the Jacobins, on whom Professor Oman is so severe; and the strengthening of the skirmishing line by the training of picked bodies of riflemen doubtless accounts, in large measure, for the tactical successes of the Duke in the Peninsular. The rapidity and accuracy of fire by the riflemen of the British Army is acknowledged by all witnesses; and Wellington, generally so unfair to his men, admitted the efficacy of British musketry, especially that of the light regiments.

Few severer estimates of the failings of Wellington as a man have seen the light than that which appears in Chapter III. of this volume. In parts it reads like an effusion of one of the early Radicals; and it will cause admirers of the Duke many sharp twinges. But Professor Oman proves his case. The many instances which he cites of Wellington's neglect to acknowledge transcendent exploits, and, worse still, the cases in which he mixed up together in the public despatches the names of those who had done well, indifferently, or badly, prove his lack of human sympathy and of that sense of justice which, in some natures, takes its place. Consequently, at the end of meritorious services, distinguished officers like Craufurd had little more recognition than fell to mere plodders or the less mischievous of the misfits. Further, Wellington despised the rank and file—he twice called them "the scum of the earth" to Stanhope in 1831—and his feelings for the officers were little better. The wonder is that he ever got such good work out of the Peninsular Army. As Professor Oman shows, the rank and file included many devoted and patriotic men, some of them good Wesleyans, whose spiritual experiences and effusions furnish interesting reading in Chapter XX. One of them surely rose to the heights of prophecy when he kept repeating to himself, during the final advance to the great breach of Badajoz: "You will be in hell before daylight." Very curious, too, was the experience of the anxious inquirers who vainly sought spiritual guidance from one of the "respectable clergymen" whom Wellington had urged the War Office to send out. On the whole, despite the sack of Badajoz, the Peninsular Army seems to have been no worse than most British armies; and that horrible event may, in part, be ascribed to the intolerable hardships of the siege, and the conviction of the soldiers that they were called on to perform the impossible with most inadequate means. Professor Oman does not seek to explain the reason for Wellington's unfair references to this army in his "Conversations with Earl Stanhope." Probably it may be found in the Duke's preference for conscription over voluntary enlistment. Whenever the conversation turned on the British and French armies of 1808-15, he lauded the latter to the skies, and showed a tendency to consign the former to the depths. In November, 1831, he distinctly ascribed the superiority of the French to the system of conscription. May not his persistent depreciation of his own countrymen have been due to the same motive which leads certain generals of to-day to decry the Line and the Territorials?

Perhaps the chapters of most general interest are those which deal with Wellington's lieutenants. The theme has been handled before, but never with the sureness of touch and ripeness of judgment that are here displayed. The sketch of Hill—"Daddy Hill," the men called him—is informed by the genuine admiration which the character of that brave fighter and warm-hearted friend always evoked.

A few excerpts from the letters of Hill contained in Sidney's "Life of Lord Hill" (1845) would have completed what is rather too brief a notice; for Sidney's book has long been out of print; and the memory of Hill has somewhat faded. Yet his exploit at the Nive early in 1814 showed his transcendent power at a great crisis; and scarcely less meritorious was the tact and kindness which made him the idol of his division, and in general proved to be the best means of checking plundering. [See Sidney's "Life of Lord Hill," Ch. IX.] The fact that Hill's Division was the best behaved in the Army testifies to the superiority of personal influence over the brutalising punishment of the lash, so freely inflicted by Craufurd and others. To the last-named officer Professor Oman does full justice by recalling his long roll of unfortunate service, in 1793-9, and under Whitelocke at Buenos Ayres. It was natural that so brilliant and unlucky an officer should occasionally (as at the Coa in 1810) launch out into risky enterprises, if only in order to show his power of initiative. That fault Wellington never quite forgave; and thereafter Craufurd had shorter tether. Nevertheless, he showed his powers at Bussaco and Fuentes de Onoro. He fell early in 1812; but his dauntless spirit lived on in his "Light Division," which turned position after position of the enemy in the march to Vittoria. Not the least interesting part of these chapters is that in which proofs are adduced that Picton, for all his hard swearing, was just and considerate to his men. The career of the chivalrous Graham possesses many elements of romance, and his services at Barrosa and Vittoria revealed military genius of a high order.

While justly severe on Wellington's harsh and often unjust treatment of officers and the rank and file, Professor Oman emphasises the great qualities which carried him triumphantly through the greatest and most difficult enterprise undertaken by the British Army. His foresight as to the need of trained riflemen for the skirmishing line has already been noted. An even more remarkable proof of his prescience was the order for the commencement of the lines of Torres Vedras in October, 1809, just a year before the advent of the supreme crisis of the war, Masséna's invasion of Portugal in overpowering force. After the collapse of Austria at Wagram (July, 1809) the Duke foresaw that crisis, and provided for it by the masterly works which foiled the efforts of a host of French veterans. Professor Oman's narrative on p. 55 conveys the impression that in the Peninsula Wellington only by slow degrees felt his way towards the offensive tactics which received their most brilliant illustration at Salamanca and Vittoria. But the Passage of the Douro early in 1809, which Professor Oman strangely omits to notice, proved that even then he could strike terrible blows, which changed the situation as if by magic. In the survey of Wellington's gifts mention should have been made of the tact, mingled with firmness, which enabled him by degrees to win the confidence of the Spaniards. Otherwise the great results of 1813 could not have been achieved. Wellington's skill in concealing his forces at the beginning, and even during the course of a battle, developed year by year during the Peninsular War; and this makes it the more inexplicable that at Waterloo he exposed Bylandt's Dutch-Belgian brigade on the slope east of La Haye Sainte, much as Blücher exposed the bulk of the Prussian forces at Ligny.

In the main, there are in these pages very few omissions. Clearly, the work has been a labor of love. The internal life and mechanism of the Peninsular Army has never been so carefully reviewed. Its *morale*, arms, accoutrements, discipline, punishments, and fighting power, all find their place in the recital. So does the human side of the story. We are apt to forget the privations of the troops during the retreat from Madrid to Ciudad Rodrigo, in the autumn of 1812. When compared with the horrors of the French retreat from Moscow, the sufferings of the British seem tame. Nevertheless, they told severely on Wellington's men. By some mistake the commissariat train had gone far ahead; and the chief food of the army during four days of driving rain was acorns. Humorous episodes diversify the narrative, e.g., the adventure of the irrepressible Mrs. Biddy Flynn in Chapter XVI.

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LADY PAGET, with surpassing tact, leads us from Court to Court. Crowns blaze, and the light of many royal countenances is lifted up upon us. We left off numbering the titles—some of which, in truth, have grown a trifle dusty. Not often is it given to common mortals to behold the "naked human heart" of Royalty, but Lady Paget now and again shows us the great ones of mankind at play. Does Queen Alexandra, we wonder, remember that, crossing to England in the "Victoria and Albert" to be married to the Prince of Wales, she pounded the head of her brother (the present Majesty of Greece) with the address which the Mayor and Corporation of Margate had come on board to present?

Lady Paget's earliest recollections are centred in one of her father's castles (he seems to have had ever so many) in Germany—a castle built by Henry the Fowler, Emperor, to protect the bishopric of Wurzen against the incursions of the heathen. It was in the tranquil days before the great upheaval of 'forty-eight, and Lady Paget describes a land of happy peasants:—

"The peasants who lived in the village below were all very happy and well off. They had great, well-built houses, cool in summer, warm in winter, under their high-tiled roofs, and many maids and serving-men, though they themselves and their sons also labored in the fields. They had much cattle in their stables, and the wives and daughters and maids looked after that, and cooked and baked and washed. During the long winter evenings the women all sat together in the great warm room, spinning; whilst the men sang or smoked their pipes, sitting on the bench that ran round the monumental stoves."

It must have been nicer to be a peasant-child in the village below than a little lady of high degree in the castle built by Henry the Fowler against the heathen. Lady Paget was not allowed to speak her native language (but at least she learned to write ours with an easy grace), and scarcely ever had a holiday, and was not filled to repletion:—

"I was fourteen or fifteen before I knew what it was to have something to drink at breakfast, as I did not like milk. Bread, with a little butter, was all I ever had. An egg for a child, if it were not ill, was considered quite absurd."

In seasons of health, "we had to break the ice in our tubs, and our nurses dashed basins of icy water over our backs." In time of sickness "it was usually the village barber, Berthold, who attended to any of our little ills." Still, it was something to receive lessons in dancing from Taglioni, "a little old lady, in a shortish black silk dress with a white fichu, very thin and wizened, and with extremely neat and agile feet."

Fair ladies in the early 'forties were of the Book of Beauty type; and one who had been fair, but now was chiefly fat, had mounted into fame as Byron's Ianthe. This was Lady Adelaide, "a fat and jolly red-faced old lady," sister of the elderly Minister at Dresden, Mr. Forbes. "No trace of Ianthe was left; but to my childish imagination the admiration of the great poet surrounded her for ever with a halo of beauty." We have another reminiscence of Byron, annually fattening in Italy a goose for his Christmas dinner, and annually refusing to slaughter it. "At last he travelled about with six or seven geese slung under his carriage," a bargain for brigands, at any rate. Celebrities whom Lady Paget met in the flesh in her younger days were Liszt and Hans Andersen. Liszt would not play the piano, which he could do divinely, and insisted on reading aloud, which he did indifferently. Hans

"used to amuse us by his funny German and his boundless vanity. He was very tall and badly put together; his body appeared to be a succession of knots and ropes, and he had never physically grown out of the 'ugly green duckling'; but he was full of geniality, and the slightest incident furnished him with food for a story."

From her Spartan and somewhat glimmering days of girlhood, Lady Paget was all at once translated to the light of Courts. Barely emerged from the schoolroom, she became lady-in-waiting to our Princess Royal, on the eve of that lady's marriage to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who was presently to ascend the throne as the Emperor Frederick. Her days of service in this exalted and exemplary

household have left her none but the kindest memories. The Princess carried to Germany the Liberal opinions she had embraced in England, and there can be no doubt, says Lady Paget, that "from the first she compared life at Berlin disadvantageously with her English homes."

"The thing that often struck me about her was the tragic note in her thoughts, so little in harmony with the rest of her personality. . . . She was not twenty when I left her, and yet her character was then more formed than that of most women at thirty. I always noticed that men, especially clever men, understood her better than women. If she had not had a constitutional timidity which made it quite impossible for her to carry things through when she was opposed by a determined will, she would have accomplished a great deal more than she did."

Two years the young lady-in-waiting stayed with Princess Frederick William, and left to be married. Her new home was in Copenhagen, where her husband, Sir Augustus Paget, was English Minister. Both had a part in the bringing together of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra, the latter of whom is first glimpsed in

"a dress of brown silk with white stripes, and one of those natty little bonnets which seemed to sit better on her head than on anybody else's."

Later, Sir Augustus had the chief conduct of the arduous and rather delicate negotiations which issued in the settling of the crown of Greece on the head of its present wearer. Uneasy had lain King Otho's head in that circlet; and when Prince William of Denmark was approached (by a deputation looking uncommonly like brigands) his parents were not unperturbed. Prince "Willy" himself, however, was "willin'," and Sir Augustus said: "If you will stick to it, sir, I promise to pull you through." The Prince stuck to it, and Sir William pulled him through.

In the spring of 1866, Lord Clarendon appointed Sir Augustus to Lisbon, and Lady Paget prepared to meet the southern skies. She had, however, one other taste of winter travel in the North, attending the Princess of Prussia (afterwards Empress Augusta of Germany) on a journey from Berlin to Weimar. They fared through the night in an "ordinary unwarmed railway compartment," and Princess Augusta, who insisted on reading all the papers to her companion, had to perch on the arm of the seat "so as to get as near as possible to the dingy and dirty oil-lamp." Such was the progress of royalty by rail in the 'sixties.

To Lady Paget, society in Lisbon at this era "appeared to be a mixture of Louis XV. manners and usages and Alice in Wonderland." Ducal dinner-parties (without subscriptions)

"were what one might imagine banquets to have been in the days when Portugal held sway over Peru. The viands were, it is true, rather weird and eerie, but the topaz-colored port flowed in goblets, dusty perhaps, but of untold value. Golden pheasants sat, feathers and all, on platters of embossed vermeille, and there were other contrivances such as are only recorded at marriage festivities in the Middle Ages."

On these Lady Paget lifts no veil; but readers of Franklin's "Vie Privée d'Autrefois" may indiscreetly guess. After six months of these mysteries, Lady Paget was once more packing the diplomatic baggage, for Sir Augustus was now named to Florence. This was in 1867, the day of the dawn of United Italy. Florence was the new capital of a new and very mixed society, which a pen less polite than Lady Paget's might have styled a rabble. Over it presided (ferociously enough on his occasions of State) that bulky, red-faced, bold, and fascinating democratic character, with moustaches of pantomime, King Victor Emmanuel—*il Re Galantuomo*. A Court Ball at this roystering epoch seems to have contained the fun of a Ballinasloe Fair of the 'fifties, with a little of the play of the Springboks in the football field. The King ("scowling, or rather glaring, at the dancers"), with his staff and the high origins whom he had bidden, stood or sat on a dais, securely roped off from the mob of guests in flaming ties and hobnailed boots, who swung and tossed their ladies—in mittens and striped blankets—for all the world as on Hampstead Heath in August. Gentlemen emerged from the buffet with "the necks of bottles sticking out of their coat-pockets"; and in the buffet itself, where knives and forks were chained to the counter, Young Italy, when not upon the light fantastic, fought "frequent and free" for the refreshments.

But these were days of great bewilderment for Italy, and the chaos of Florence was to be reproduced in Rome.

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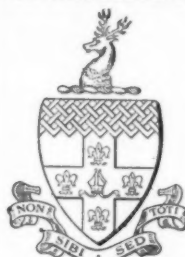
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This was when the defeat of France by Prussia had modified even more profoundly the whole political situation. The Pope, in an instant, was wiped out of politics; one of the most surprising and dramatic changes in the Europe of our epoch. Rome and the Papal States were suddenly united to the kingdom of Italy. It was at this crisis that Sir Augustus Paget was transferred to the "mother of all men's nations," Rome the eternal; and Lady Paget, who, at Copenhagen some nine years earlier, had exclaimed, "The ideal post would be Rome as an Embassy!" undid at Prince Doria's Villa of Albano the belongings that had survived these many lively marches in diplomacy.

Lady Paget's is a book worth waiting for at the library.

THE MIMIC.

"The Mimic: A Christmas Garland." Woven by MAX BEERBOHM. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

MAN, says Aristotle, is an imitative animal. Indeed, without this gift we could make no progress in morals or in art. The many must always abide our question, and owe their advancement to the few who are free. The innovator misses his mark if he come too soon for his public, if he be a reformer before his time. The artist who has to create the spirit which can admire him must lengthen the thread of life if he is to hope even for a laureate hearse. His sense of man's imitative faculty may give him a surer expectation of fame among his grandchildren. Among the many forms of imitation, parody has always had an attraction for nimble wits. Yet its very name has a ring of evil in it. It is the false song. False, indeed, Euripides must have called it when his tenderest passages became its prey. "Not even in death," says Admetus to the wife who is giving her life for his, "may I be apart from thee that alone wert faithful to me." To Aristophanes the sentiment had no sacredness. "Not even in death," says his beleaguered citizen, as he carries to the kitchen the eel that has run the blockade, "may I be apart from thee, sweetly stewed with beetroot." Even the gentle Virgil, in his salad days, sought amusement in falsifying song. The address of Catullus to the yacht which had brought its owner safely back from the Orient after his vain quest for a fortune, was travestied into an address to a scorching muleteer, the forerunner, it would seem, of some of the motorists of to-day. In later days parody took an odd turn. The desire to ridicule gave way to the pleasure of deceit. The parodist became a forger and bartered the praise of the public for the secret satisfaction of taking in his fellow-men. Who was the Alexandrian author of the Odes long attributed to Anacreon? Who was the later scholar that put forth Elegies purporting to be the work of Cornelius Gallus? They meant us not to know, and we never shall. Men have long since gone back to the earlier motive, and now Mr. Max Beerbohm gives us a volume of essays in which he mimics the style of some dozen of the writers of to-day.

Now of parody there are two kinds. The earlier and simpler method lies in burlesquing the individual phrase. Against the temptation to use it, masters of the other and subtler manner have not always been proof—

"What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom."

To such travesties the poet is more exposed than the writer who eschews metre. The authors of "Rejected Addresses" tried their hand on no living master of prose, except Cobbett, for the "Morning Post" was but too obvious a prey. Nor were they in their happiest vein when they called up the ghost of Johnson. They relied too much on lengthy words, and did not always use them with the accuracy of the lexicographer. Johnson was too good a scholar to think that the word muscicular denoted, as the grammars would put it, of or belonging to a mouse. The work of the brothers Smith had, of course, its forerunner in the "Probationary Odes" of "The Rolliad," a work of no less vigor, and less known only for two reasons. The objects of its ridicule are forgotten names, and the change of manners demands an expurgator. To look further back, we have examples of either kind of parody in "The Rehearsal," of which Johnson said that it had not wit enough to keep it sweet, a phrase which he immediately translated into "It has not vitality

enough to preserve it from putrefaction." The second kind of parody disdains the individual passage, the imitation of the actual words. It strives to reproduce the manner while it burlesques the substance of the original. Shakespeare has given us examples. Ancient Pistol had absorbed the tone of the tragedians to whom we owe the turgid phrases of such plays as "Titus Andronicus." Falstaff, with his "tristful Queen," could put it on: the admiration for "mobled queen" put into the mouth of old Polonius is a shaft aimed at a dying taste. Pope tried his hand at Lilliputian odes, and sorry work he made of it. Of prose imitations the masterpiece is the "Address" of Cobbett. His readers may recognise here and there the travesty of a mere phrase, but will admit that, on the whole, the piece belongs to the higher order of parody, at which Mr. Max Beerbohm also aims. Yet we may doubt whether Cobbett would have said of this parody what Walter Scott said of one passage in "A Tale of Drury Lane." "I certainly," said Sir Walter to one of the Smiths, "must have written this myself." Nor can Mr. Beerbohm look for such a compliment to be paid to any of his attempts.

Apart from the parody of George Meredith, which was originally published before the novelist's death, readers will probably turn first to the pieces which bear the names of Mr. Henry James, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Judgments will differ, but we think that Mr. Beerbohm has been most happy in catching the manner of Mr. Wells. In "Perkins and Mankind" we have a travesty, not wholly unfair, both of what is destructive and of what is constructive in the author of "Tono-Bungay." Mr. Shaw may perhaps agree with a sentiment put into his mouth, "the people who read my books have no energy left over to cope with other authors." Mr. G. K. Chesterton may possibly regret that he did not himself think of "Some Damnable Errors about Christmas," the title assigned to him in this book. It is, however, to be feared that some of the victims, if we may call them so, of the parodist will not be wholly pleased with the words ascribed to them. In two or three cases it would seem that Mr. Beerbohm regards egoism as the besetting quality in the objects of his satire.

In one case, Mr. Beerbohm has travestied a poet. "A Sequelula to 'The Dynasts'" is the title of the piece. Here is the concluding passage:—

"Automata these animalculæ [sic]
Are—puppets, pitiable jackalocks.
Be't as it may elsewhere, upon this planet
There's no free will, only obedience
To some blind, deaf, unthinking despotry
That justifies the horriddest pessimism.
Frankly acknowledging all this, I beat
A quick but not disorderly retreat."

Our readers will judge whether Mr. Beerbohm can claim to rank with Horace and James Smith.

It is the misfortune of the parodist to have a double chance of death. He makes himself into a Siamese twin, and, unless he be very skilful, must die at the decease of his brother, and may die also on his own account. It is a peculiar greatness in the authors of "Rejected Addresses" that they have, in more cases than one, outlived the authors whom they took in hand. No one could nowadays read the works of William Thomas Fitzgerald or William Spencer. Indeed, the latter versifier complained to one of the Smiths that whereas he had been almost forgotten, he was now revived, and that now all the newspapers and reviews rang with "this fashionable, trashy author." Forgotten he doubtless was and is, yet everybody knows

"Sobriety, cease to be sober,
Cease, Labor, to dig and to delve,
All hail to this tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and twelve."

So, again, those who have hunted out in old newspapers the "patriotic effusions" which Fitzgerald used to spout at the Freemason's Tavern are never likely to repeat their search; but they are none the more likely to forget such lines as

"Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

The Smiths have outlived their twins. It may well be doubted whether anyone of Mr. Beerbohm's pieces could be read for its own sake, and it may no less be doubted whether all the subjects of his travesties will be numbered with the immortals.

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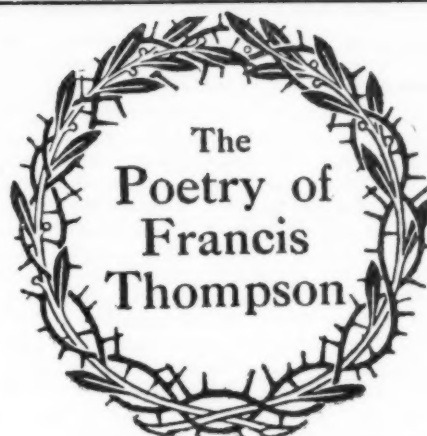
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"Caravan Tales." Adapted from the German of WILHELM HAUFF by J. G. HORNSTEIN. (Wells, Gardner. 5s. net.)
 "The Book of Wonder." By LORD DUNSANY. (Heinemann. 6s.)

It is only, perhaps, when an opportunity for sharp contrast presents itself that one fully realises the originality of Lord Dunsany's art. We have read other of his stories with delight, and known them for the "something new" of reviewers' dreams; but only now, when together with another volume of strange tales we find ourselves appraising his "Book of Wonder," does our pleasure reach true appreciation. For "Caravan Tales"—the adapted and retold six Märchen of William Hauff, and the single "original contribution in Hauff's manner" by Mr. J. G. Hornstein—is a very amusing and delightful book, in a blue wrapper so attractive that the actual binding is somewhat disappointing in its commonplace. The "Tales" are variants on the "Arabian Nights," and bear well the high test of that relationship. "The Wonder Child" is to us the most absorbing, but all are good invention. We detect an odd inconsistency in the foreword "To Donald," which begins by telling of the interest and delight which the Hauff stories had aroused in "a whole generation of school-boys." These boys had evidently had to translate them from "forbidding class-books." Mr. Hornstein proceeds to say that when Donald appeared in his world and was told the tales, the child's delight inspired the narrator to write them down for him. But behold! Donald then lost interest; the stories on paper seemed "insipid and unreal"; so the German book was put away, and Mr. Hornstein wrote them down as if they came out of his own head. Does this mean, as it seems to mean, that the generation of schoolboys had translated them more efficiently than the master? It is certainly puzzling, and tantalising too, for the manner in which we now receive them is not the best manner; it lacks the charm, the ingenuousness, of the true Eastern "telling," and we are reduced to wishing that we had been taken, like the schoolboy, straight to the real Wilhelm Hauff, of whose brilliant genius Mr. Hornstein speaks so highly. But, dismissing this paradox, there is enough charm in "Caravan Tales" to make it a worthy harness-companion of the "Book of Wonder"; for though it does help to demonstrate the higher genius of Lord Dunsany, not many books could have survived the bracketing at all. Mr. Ault's pictures are numerous and vivid; but the frontispiece, like the wrapper, has a touch of imagination which raises it above the quite capable, but quite unmagical, remainder. It is a pity that the volume is so heavy in the hand.

With the first opening of "The Book of Wonder," we leap over "the edge of the world." We are no longer grown people; we are no longer even children; we are something that we never before knew we were, and cannot put a name to now. One thing else we are as well—the willing thralls of this wonderful writer. How does he do it? We know not; for we know not what it is that he does. He "does," indeed, many things that we can recognise; he writes finely, for one of them; and he invents such names for people and places as only the deepest dreams can pattern—the dreams that Mr. Sime seems to be able to dream with him. These two together form one of the wonders of the World of Wonder. That city of Zretazoola, "of the climbing ways," is the true fairy city of the heart; almost tears sprang to our eyes as we read the lovely phrases and gazed on the lovely picture. Why tears? That we could not by any possibility say why is the glory of it. Lord Dunsany knows. We are content to leave it with him, and we feel sure that he saw the same bright things glittering in the eyes of Mr. Sime, that mocking spirit, as Zretazoola was "embodied"—one poor word will serve as well as another—and they beheld their dream "come true." . . . We could write for pages; we may not. But we wish none better for a Christmas gift (we shall not be able to part with our own copy) than this "Book of Wonder." Open it anywhere—open at the supreme, the unequalled, climax to "The Hoard of the Gibbelins." The laughter that will seize you there is of the kind that only genius can create. Of all the lesser enchantments—Zretazoola is the enchantment—in this magical volume, perhaps this is the greatest. Is it because the joy of its conception pierces so exquisitely through the three it's's,

and we rejoice in the joy of one who can thus enthrall us? "It may be we shall meet again," says Lord Dunsany in the Epilogue. That is the best thing to look forward to that—in the speech of the author's native land—we have had this long time.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Mary, the Mother of Jesus." By ALICE MEYNELL. Illustrated by R. ANNING BELL. (Lee Warner. 16s. net.)

FOR the serious reader and art lover, the season has hardly produced a more beautiful or more truly seasonable book than this. Mrs. Meynell's series of essays touch an old and eternal theme—the influence on human thought and endeavor of the idea of maidenhood, motherhood, and, above all, of innocence embodied in the Virgin Mary; and though a little over-subtle in phrasing, as is the author's wont, they bring freshness of thought and feeling to their subject, and are informed by a wide and fragrant knowledge of the Scriptures, of history, and of literature. The natural love of all ages for a Mother, and the Christian love of nineteen centuries for a perpetual Virgin dominate pre-Reformation life, literature, and art, and even in modern and materialistic times the inspiration, if sometimes broken or distorted, preserves its continuity in certain modes of expression such as poetry. Mrs. Meynell's proposition that medieval chivalry derives from the idea of the sacred Innocence of Mary—on the ground that it could have been found nowhere else—is interesting and easily tenable; and in the essays which deal with the representation of the Virgin, she brings fresh light to bear on a much-discussed subject. Mr. Anning Bell's illustrations are both courageous and reverent. Archaeologically, they are, of course, impossible, and he might reasonably be accused of having fallen between two styles—the traditional as established by the Italians of the Renaissance, and the modern as most strikingly exemplified by the religious paintings of Fritz Von Uhde. But, in point of fact, he justifies his attitude as a free lance. He has gone to the old Italians for what by prescription is most pleasing and reverential in color and composition; to modern Italy perhaps for his types; mainly to the East for his architecture; and he has fused these elements in the crucible of his own sure instinct for modern decoration. The results are at once emotional and wholly independent.

* * *

"From Pole to Pole: A Book for Young People." By SVEN HEDIN. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a translation, in shortened form, of Dr. Sven Hedin's "Fran Pol till Pol." It describes a series of journeys from Stockholm across Europe to Persia, Turkestan, Tibet, India, China, and Japan, as well as other trips through Africa, South America, Australia, and in the Polar regions. It has the freshness which only a man who has himself travelled over these regions can give, and also contains some spirited accounts of other travellers and explorers from Columbus to Stanley. The book is admirable in every way, and it would make a capital present for young people who like reading about travel in the less explored regions of the world.

* * *

"Louis XVII. and Other Papers." By PHILIP TREHERNE. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. TREHERNE's collection of essays calls for little comment. They deal with the fate of Louis XVII., the Luxembourg prison, Casanova's later years, the visit of Count Frederick Kielmansegg and his brother to London to see the coronation of George III., Barbey d'Aurevilly, and John Williams, the Cornish mine-manager whose dreams anticipated the murder of Spencer Perceval in the House of Commons. On none of these topics has Mr. Treherne anything of value to tell us, and his diatribes against "champions of the poor and needy," political lawyers, and "stirrers of class-hatred," to be found in his account of the Luxembourg prison, are merely silly.

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NEW CENTRAL OMNIBUS CO. LTD.

THE FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on Monday, the 16th inst., at the Cannon Street Hotel.

MR. JOHN O'CONNOR, M.P., the Chairman of the Company, presided. In moving the adoption of the report, the Chairman said that the profits up to January 3rd last amounted to £1,463. These profits were earned for them by the London Central Omnibus Company, but as they accrued due before the registration of their own company, they had applied them to writing down the amount of the preliminary expenses. For the period from January 5th to September 30th, the profit on revenue account amounted to £6,305. Alluding to the negotiations with the London General Omnibus Company, the Chairman said that they had arrived at an agreement which provided that they should hire out to the London General Omnibus Company 100 omnibuses, with a seating capacity for 3,400 passengers. The 'buses were to remain the property of the New Central Omnibus Company, in whose name they were to be run and licensed. Apart from the payment of certain sums, the London General were to pay for the hire of this fleet of 100 omnibuses a sum equal to that proportion of the net trading profits of the London General which the seating accommodation of the 100 omnibuses of the New Central bore to the seating accommodation of the motor-omnibuses owned and run continually by the London General; or a sum of £8,000 at the option of the New Central Company. In other words, in the event of profits in the industry falling for any reason, the New Central Company had, in fact, a sum of £8,000 per annum guaranteed to them, subject to an option to which he referred in detail. The agreement was for a term of twenty years, and at the end of that time, subject to certain options, the London General were to deliver up to them omnibuses capable of accommodating 3,400 passengers, and of the standard type of the day, in as good condition and order and fully licensed as those now handed over. The agreement was one that he commended to their favorable consideration.

The Chairman concluded by moving a resolution approving the agreement between the two companies.

MR. THURGOOD seconded the resolution, which was agreed to.

The report of the directors and the recommendation of a dividend of 7½ per cent. per annum were approved.

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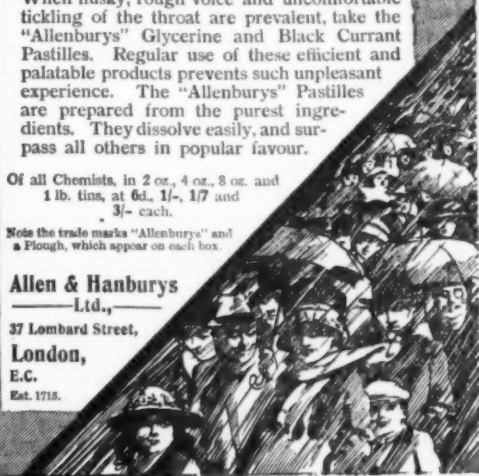
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THE approach of Christmas finds shopkeepers, manufacturers, shipowners, and tradespeople of all sorts and descriptions, in almost all parts of the United Kingdom in a very happy and prosperous condition. Tailors, for example, appear to have had the best year on record. In Lancashire and Yorkshire most of the textile and spinning wheels have more work than they can do, and there is a positive deficiency of skilled labor. In the shipping and shipbuilding trades, hosiery, leather, boots and shoes, and we believe even in the ruined silk trade, and in the metal trades of Birmingham there is a remarkable boom. Printers are so busy that a rise in price is foreshadowed, and the book trade has probably never been better than it is now. The Stock Markets have been very quiet and cautious, watching developments at the Peace Conference, in Austria, and in Russia rather nervously. Wall Street is still in the dumps, and prices are declining under the influence of dear money. All over the world the scarcity of money and capital is severely felt, and probably the only countries that have any surplus to spare are Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands. Even if a permanent peace should be happily secured in the course of the next month, it looks as if loans aggregating from 50 to 100 millions sterling will be required to restore the financial equilibrium in Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and the Balkan States, to say nothing of what may be required by China and Russia. On the whole, therefore, we must expect a continuance of dear money, and still higher rates for investment securities of all kinds in the New Year.

THE NEW YORK LOAN TO AUSTRIA.

Some interesting information on this subject comes from New York. The American papers printed a dispatch stating that the Austrian Government had negotiated with Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and the National City Bank a loan for \$25,000,000, secured by Austrian Treasury bonds carrying 4½ per cent. interest. The bonds were sold, the dispatch said, at about 97, and were redeemable at par, partly in one and a-half and partly in two years. Mr. Paul Warburg, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., when questioned last evening regarding the Vienna cable, said it was not quite accurate. He added: "The Austrian Government had closed negotiations with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the National City Bank for \$25,000,000 4½ per cent. one and a-half and two year Treasury Notes. The contracting firm has been given assurance that the political situation is much improved, and that there is no reason for apprehending warlike developments between the Powers. "Only a small part of the proceeds of the loan will be withdrawn at present." The last sentence may explain why only a very small fraction of the loan has at present been negotiated. London, I understand, refuses to participate so long as Austria is mobilised for war.

BANK SHARES.

The half-year is now almost ended, and in less than a fortnight the joint stock banks will be declaring their dividends, for they are very quick in making known their results. Profits, it may be anticipated, will prove to be quite good, for money rates have been high enough to be profitable, and low enough not to restrict business. The London banks have found plenty of scope for employment of funds in loans to the Stock Exchange at 5½ per cent. in the last few weeks, while discounting has also been profitable. In the last few years depreciation of investments has been a severe drain on profits, owing to the necessity of continual writing-down, and at the present time Consols stand 2 points lower than on January 1st, and about 1½ points below their price on June 30th, so that whether banks make up their accounts yearly or half-yearly, all will have to meet a certain amount of depreciation on their Consols. The

amount they will have to write off on the whole of their investments, however, will certainly be below the average of the past two or three years, and if dividends are not put up in many cases, there is, on the other hand, very little fear of lower rates. Bank shares themselves, however, command rather lower prices than at the end of June, and give returns at their present prices which compare favorably with industrial shares, whose profits and dividends show very much wider fluctuations. There is, of course, the question of liability for uncalled capital, and investors have had some rather severe shocks over the Law Guarantee, Bank of Egypt, and one or two other bad cases of mismanagement which have frightened them. Nevertheless, the uncalled liability on the shares of the best London banks is almost, if not quite, negligible. Some of it could, of course, be called up for the purposes of the business if necessary; but in practice this course is never adopted, a fresh issue of shares at a good premium, which can be added to the reserves, being a much sounder proceeding. The liability can be insured at Lloyds' on renewable terms for ½ per cent. premium, and even allowing for this, many of the best bank shares return more than 5 per cent. The following table sets out the leading shares:—

	Share.	up.	1912.	Present Div.	Yield.
	Stock	All	Highest.	Lowest.	P. ct. £ s. d.
Bank of England	20	8	19½	17½	18½ 12½ 5 0 0
Barclay & Co.	50	10	31½	28½	30½ 16 5 0 0
Cap. & Counties	50	8	29½	26½	27½ 18½ 5 6 0
Lloyds	20	5	21½	19½	20½ 21½ 5 3 6
Lond. County & West.	10	5	22	18½	19½ 19 4 19 0
Lond. & Prov.	10	4	14½	13½	14½ 17 4 19 0
Lond. & S. Western	60	12½	47½	44½	45½ 18 4 19 0
Lond. City & Mid.	100	15	26½	24	26½ 10½ 6 5 0
Lon. Joint Stock	50	5	13½	12½	12½ 15 6 2 0
Metropolitan	75	10½	37	32	35½ 18 5 8 0
Nat. Prov.	60	12	43	37½	40½ 18 5 8 0
Do.	50	10	41½	37½	39½ 21 5 6 0
Parr's	100	15½	33½	30½	32½ 12 5 16 0
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It will be found that yields depend approximately on the proportionate liability. Next to Bank stock (which is a Trustee security and carries no liability), London and Provincial and London and South-Western have the lowest relative liability and return the lowest yields. Barclay's, however, give quite a high return without a big amount of liability, and, in view of the share-splitting scheme to be put in force very soon, the shares look attractive. Some of the business, of course, is done in the provinces, where credit is granted rather more freely than in London, but the business is remunerative. County and Westminster shares give a high return considering the standing of the company. London Joint Stock shares give a high return, because of the big liability, and also, perhaps, because the dividend has fluctuated slightly. On Metropolitan the yield is high solely because of the liability, which is heavier than on any other share in the list. National Provincial shares give good yields, and as that bank is by far the largest holder of gilt-edged securities of all the banks, it ought to have a margin of profits to spare for dividends if Consols fall no lower.

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40 "	32 4 2	661	858	1,241
50 "	44 18 4	624	1,022	1,271

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THE PEKIN SYNDICATE.

An Ordinary General Meeting of the Pekin Syndicate was held on Thursday, the 19th inst., at the Cannon Street Hotel. M. René de Cérenville presided, in the unavoidable absence of Sir Richard D. Awdry, K.C.B., Chairman of the Company.

The Chairman said that the Board had endeavored, in their report, to deal as fully as possible with the past year's activities and with the future prospects of the Company. He would, however, like to touch upon a few of the subjects which occupy the constant attention of the Directors.

Referring to what had happened recently at No. 4 Pit, the Chairman stated that they had duly published the information concerning this accident, which frequently takes place in coal mining exploitations. No 4 Shaft had been sunk at a moderate expense. It gave them an important part of their total extraction, but the coal of that region being of an inferior quality, the accident had not reduced their profits as much as it had diminished their production.

Under these circumstances, he thought it was not unsatisfactory to learn that, apart from the temporarily abandoned pit, 32,000 tons of coal were obtained in October and 34,700 tons in November, and that the output for the year, as estimated by their engineer-in-chief on the spot, may still be anticipated to reach from 450,000 to 500,000 tons.

The Chairman proceeded to explain that the Directors did not propose that any dividend should be paid. The reason that actuated the directors in dealing with the 1910-11 period still applied to the year 1911-12. In his opinion, a Company which had kept a realisable capital of one million pounds was fully entitled to recommend to its shareholders to follow a conservative policy, and to keep its resources untouched for a favorable future. Therefore, the Directors contented themselves in recommending that the credit balance of last year and the amount appearing in this year's profit and loss account, making together £440,443 4s. 9d., should be carried forward to the next account.

In his opinion, the Pekin Syndicate might congratulate itself that, in spite of the revolution in China, its capital and mines had remained untouched, and that the coal output had been practically the same as in the preceding year. They had not suffered by the recent disturbances in China, and he took the opportunity of acknowledging that this freedom from injury to life or to property was in the main attributable to the friendly and energetic action taken by his Excellency Yuan-Shih-Kai, who, at the request of his Majesty's Minister at Pekin, took the necessary steps to safeguard the Company's interests at the mines.

The Directors did not intend to rely upon coal mining alone as a source of revenue. Active measures were being taken to acquire other profitable business in China, and the Directors saw no reason why they should not effectively employ the Company's resources in many other directions within the sphere of the Memorandum of Association.

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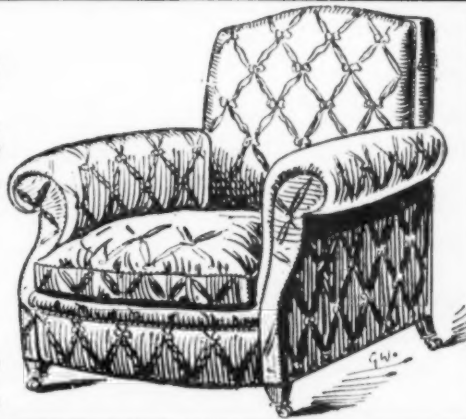
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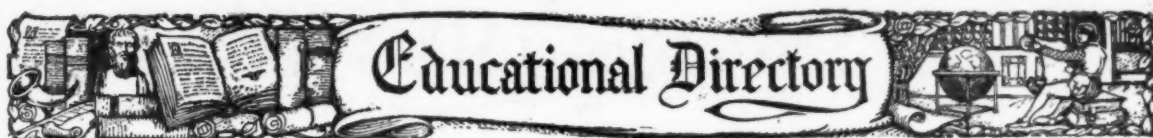
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